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Fifth Series,
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HERE AND THERE.

AH me, how hot and weary here in town
 The days crawl by !
 How otherwise they go my heart records,
 Where the marsh meadows lie
 And white sheep crop the grass, and sea-
 gulls sail
 Between the lovely earth and lovely sky.

Here the sun grins along the dusty street
 Beneath pale skies :
 Hark ! spiritless, sad tramp of toiling feet,
 Hoarse hawkers, curses, cries —
 Through these I hear the song that the sea
 sings
 To the far meadowlands of Paradise.

O golden-lichened church and red-roofed
 barn —
 O long sweet days —
 O changing, unchanged skies, straight
 dykes all gay
 With sedge and water mace —
 O fair marsh land desirable and dear —
 How far from you lie my life's weary
 ways !

Yet in my darkest night there shines a star
 More fair than day ;
 There is a flower that blossoms sweet and
 white
 In the sad city way,
 That flower blooms not where the wide
 marshes gleam,
 That star shines only when the skies are
 grey.

For here fair peace and passionate pleasure
 wane
 Before the light
 Of radiant dreams that make our lives
 worth life,
 And turn to noon our night :
 We fight for freedom and the souls of men —
 Here, and not there, is fought and won
 our fight !

E. NESBIT.

"IF I WERE DEAD."

"Had I words to complete it,
 Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"

The Last Kiss.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

"If I were dead with tangled grass above
 me
 The darkness of the grave between us set,
 I sometimes wonder what your thoughts
 would be
 Of one who loved you so ; should you regret

That love which now you more than half
 despise ?

If I were lying silent neath the skies
 I think that soon you would my name for-
 get.

"I know that I am nothing in your life,
 Why should an echo come if I were dead ?
 At peace, and resting from all earthly strife,
 Why should the memory of my words once
 said,

Haunt you thus after, were I no more near,
 But lying hush'd within my narrow bed ?

"Yet it is possible that some chance word,
 Spoken by other lips might wake again
 The little reck'd of past, in which you
 heard

My voice ; and told me that my love was
 vain.

You could not stoop unto so low a thing,
 And counted but as dross all I could bring
 Ah, death itself can never heal that pain.

"No, even death can give to me no peace,
 I was not made as people who forget :
 Through life and onwards, I can never
 cease

To know that you, who love me not, are
 set

Forever in my heart ; and I must stand
 Within your shadow with an empty hand,
 Yet never deem that I can it regret.

"I am not worthy to be lov'd by you,
 And knowing this must bear the bitter pain
 Of feeling that my love is unto you
 Only an irksome weight. Will it be vain
 When we stand face to face on that far
 shore ?

Shall you turn from me then forevermore ?
 Yes, there in Heaven your love I may not
 gain."

Academy.

F. P.

RAIN ON THE DOWN.

NIGHT, and the down by the sea,
 And the veil of rain on the down ;
 And she came through the mist and the
 rain to me

From the safe warm lights of the town.

The rain shone in her hair,
 And her face gleamed in the rain ;
 And only the night and the rain were there
 As she came to me out of the rain.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

Some Unpublished Letters of William Wordsworth. 323

From The Cornhill Magazine.
SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

It is interesting to observe that the most enthusiastic admirers of Wordsworth are to be drawn, for the most part, from the ranks of his fellow-poets, contemporary and following, rather than from the ordinary lovers of poetry, to whom a certain sense of incongruity not uncommonly presents itself in the fact of the poet's adopting, as the source of his inspiration, the more common and matter-of-fact side of things mundane. But to hold the mirror to nature *as she is* was precisely what the poet conceived to be his mission and province. He was the alchemist by whose art baser metal was turned to gold.

A yellow primrose was something more than a yellow primrose to the eye which had the gift of discerning its inner meaning; and in like manner, the common joys and sorrows of humanity, albeit their pathos might be disguised by the coarse setting of poverty, or distorted and obscured by the narrow limit of human intellect, appealed directly to his heart. He somewhere speaks of the "humbleness, meanness, if you like, of my subject, together with the homely mode of treating it," admitting that from motives of policy he would often have excluded that which, for humanity's sake, he puts into verse and publishes.

And, indeed, his whole life is a consistent record of the largest humanitarianism, which, with his sympathy and fellowship with the world of nature, can be unerringly traced in almost every line of his writings. Neither elaboration of ideas, nor embroidery of language is their main characteristic, but on every page shine out the manly, gentle soul, and the wide, comprehensive grasp by which he drew to himself the sympathies and affections of all within his range. A little child's hand, a dog, an insect, a "wee, pale blossom" — nothing seems to have been too small or too insignificant to be the object of his tender regard.

And we cannot but view Wordsworth

with feelings of gratitude while contemplating the pedantry and affectation which mingled so largely with the poetry of his period; those traditional artificialities of style wherein sense was so frequently sacrificed to sound — from all of which Wordsworth, with his earnest struggle for truth, and his sturdy, uncompromising aim at reality, did so much towards delivering us.

It is not, however, the object of the writer of this paper to criticise either the poet or his works, but to transcribe for the benefit of those who may be interested in them some of his unpublished letters. Before me lies a large number, and in turning them over one is impressed by their honest simplicity and directness of purpose; their sincerity and warmth of expression, and the intense solicitude they evince for the well-being of those to whom they are addressed.

They also present to one's notice other characteristics which the reader will be quick to observe. Very noticeable, for instance, is the complete absence of playfulness, or anything approaching a sense of fun in any one of the series (there are more than forty), all written to members of the immediate family circle, and some under circumstances that would naturally have given rise to a jest, a light word, or a merry turn to a sentence, had the inclination, or, shall we say, the capacity of the writer tended in any way in that direction.

But, then, who could realize a *humorous* Wordsworth? Search his works through and through, and the poem containing the faintest glimmer of humor remains yet to be discovered. It is as well to note his peculiarity in this respect, because we at once recognize that, had his nature been endowed with the slightest touch of appreciation for the ludicrous, we might have been spared many a jangling note, many a jarring discord which has clashed with the sweet music we love so well.

One solitary suggestion of "amusement," as the poet himself puts it, certainly does occur in the letter first quoted. It refers to some lines after

wards published in the "Sonnets to Liberty and Order," and with it he apparently endeavors to take off the edge, as it were, of the sad theme touched upon in the earlier half of the letter — namely, the mental affliction of his dearly loved sister, Dorothy.

A defect in the manuscript has obliterated part of the poem referring to this subject, but it can be found complete in the published works, together with a comment added by the poet, who, as it appears from the words of the letter, was anxious its origin should not be misunderstood. He says: "The sad condition of poor Mrs. Southey put me upon writing this. It has afforded comfort to many persons whose friends have been similarly affected."

"MY DEAR DORA, — Read the following remodelling of the sonnet I addressed to S. The personalities are omitted, a few lines only retained: —

Oh, what a wreck! How changed in mien
and speech!

Yet, though dread Powers that work in
mystery, spin

Entanglings for her brain; though shadows
stretch

O'er the chilled heart — reflect! far, far
within

Hers is a holy Being, freed from sin:
She is not what she seems, a forlorn wretch;
But delegated Spirits comfort fetch
To her from heights that Reason may not
win.

Only, illumined by Heaven's pitying love,
Love pitying innocence, not long to last,
In them, in Her, our sins and sorrows past.

"The sonnet, as first sent you and S. may be kept, if thought worthy, as a private record; the meaning in the passage you object to is certainly not happily brought out; if you think it better thus, alter it: —

Over the sacred heart compassion's twin,
The heart that once could feel for every
wretch.

The thought in the sonnet as it now stands has ever been a consolation to me, almost as far back as I can remember, and hope that, thus expressed, it may prove so to others, makes one wish to print it; but your mother seems to

think it would be applied at once to your dear aunt. I own I do not see the force of this objection, but if you and Miss Fenwick, and others, should be of the same mind, it shall be suppressed. It is already sent to the press, but not as it now stands; if you think it may be printed without impropriety, pray be so good as to superintend the revise which I shall order the printer to send you; this would save time, for I could not entrust the revise to the printer only.

"This is sent for your amusement; it will go by Mr. Fleming to Cambridge for your cousin John, to be printed without my name, if he thinks it worth while, in the —

Said Secresy to Cowardice and Fraud,
Falsehood and Treachery, in close council
met

Deep underground in Pluto's cabinet:

"The frost of England's pride will soon be
thawed;

Hooded the open brow that overawed

Our schemes: the faith and honor, never
yet

By us with hope encountered, be upset.

For once I burst my bands, and cry 'Ap-
plaud!'

Then whispered she, "The Bill is carrying
out!"

They heard, and started up, the Brood of
Night

Clapp'd hands, and shook with glee their
matted locks;

All Powers and Places that abhor the light
Joined in the transport, echoed back their
shout,

Hurrah! for Grote, hugging his Ballot-
box!"

If Dora possessed political tendencies with a leaning towards Conservatism, it may be that she was enabled to derive some entertainment from the rather ponderous levity of the above lines. They had reference, of course, to the introduction of the Ballot Bill into the House of Commons, and so help us to an indication as to when the letter was written; for, like most of its companions, it is undated. In the printed version of the lines the word "Grote" is omitted. Possibly, as Mr. Grote was a well-known author in one of the highest walks of literature, as well as a lead-

ing politician, the insertion of his name was thought to be an indiscretion ; in 1893, however, we can afford to be less particular.

Most of the letters being, as already remarked, undated, it is not easy to arrange them in anything like order. The one given below, however, dates itself by its reference to the work upon which the poet was engaged. The tragedy of "The Borderers" to which he alludes, though written in 1795, was not published till 1842. Wordsworth offers some sort of apology for it, in mentioning certain crudenesses which would not have appeared in it had it been the work of a later period of his life, and remarks also that part of his object in writing it was to preserve in his distinct remembrance what he had observed of transition of character, and the reflections he had been led to make during the time he was a witness of the changes through which the French Revolution passed :—

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—I cannot suffer the morning of my birthday to pass without telling you that my heart is full of you and all that concerns you.

"Yesterday was lovely, and this morning is not less so. God grant that we may all have like sunshine in our hearts as long as we remain in this transient world.

"It is about half past nine ; two hours hence we go to pay a condoling visit to poor Fanny. Mr. Carter, James and I all attended the funeral on Monday ; it was a beautiful afternoon, the light of the declining sun glowing upon Fairfield, as described in 'The Excursion,' at Dawson's funeral. The Psalm sung before raising the coffin from its station before the Door, and afterwards, as the procession moved between the trees was most touching. Mr. Greenwood was there and told me the name (which I forget) of the composer, who lived two hundred years ago. The music was worthy of the occasion and admirably given, the schoolmaster, a very respectable man, leading the four or five voices ; upon these occasions the women do not sing, and I think that

is well judged, the sound being more grand and solemn, whatever it may lose in sweetness, by the want of female tones.

"After the funeral we walked to Mrs. Fletcher's, the place very tempting. They are expected on Saturday.

"I am pretty well, but far from having recovered the strength which I lost through several sleepless nights, the consequence of over, and ill-timed exertion to get the Volume out before Easter, in which attempt I failed. I am glad you like the tragedy. I was myself surprised to find the interest so kept up in the 4th and 5th acts. Of the third I never doubted, and quite agree with you that Herbert's speech is much the finest thing in the drama ; I mean the most moving, or rather, the most in that style of the pathetic which one loves to dwell upon ; though I acknowledge it is not so intensely dramatic as some parts of the fifth act especially.

"As to the first, my only fear was that the action was too far advanced in it. I think the scene where the Vagrant tells her false story has great merit ; it is thoroughly natural, and yet not commonplace nature.

"Some of the sentiments which the development of Oswald's character required will, I fear, be complained of as too depraved for anything but biographical writing.

"With affectionate remembrances to your husband and the girls,

"Ever yours,

"W. W."

The exquisite lines descriptive of Dawson's funeral service to which he here alludes are to be found in the "Churchyard among the Mountains," one of the portions into which "The Excursion" is divided. They tell of the burial of a peasant youth, to whom his comrades paid a soldier's honors, and as they may not be fresh in the minds of all readers, I cannot refrain from quoting them :—

At his funeral hour

Bright was the sun, the sky a cloudless blue—

A golden lustre slept upon the hills ;

And if by chance a stranger wandering
there,
From some commanding eminence had
looked
Down on this spot, well pleased would he
have seen

A glittering spectacle ; but every face
Was pallid : seldom has that eye been moist
With tears, that wept not then : nor were
the few,
Who from their dwellings came not forth to
join—

In this sad service, less disturbed than we.
They started at the tributary peal
Of instantaneous thunder which announced,
Through the still air, the closing of the
Grave ;
And distant mountains echoed with a sound
Of lamentation never heard before !

Here is another birthday letter, which
may very properly follow the fore-
going :—

“7th April, 1840.

“MY DEAREST DORA, — Though my
left eye has been rather troublesome
these two or three last days, I cannot
forbear writing to you, and let the letter
serve for dear Miss Fenwick also, upon
the morning of my seventieth birthday.

“I am, thank Almighty God ! in ex-
cellent health, and so is your dear
Mother, and though some of my
thoughts upon this occasion are natu-
rally serious, even to sadness, I am,
upon the whole, in a cheerful state of
mind.

“The day is bright as sunshine can
make it, and the air fraught with as
much stir and animating noise as the
wind can put into it.

“Your Mother finds her ancles weak
from the shock and sprain of her fall-
and consequent confinement, or I
should have tempted her out with me
to walk on the terrace, from which I
have had an entertaining view of the
merriment of the servants, with help
from Arthur Jackson and his brother,
shaking the glittering dust out of the
carpets.

“Sister is very comfortable, and we
are going on nicely, though wishing
much for your return. Yesterday I
dined with Mrs. Luff, after calling at
the house high up Loughrigg side, where

dwells the good woman who lost her
two children in the flood last winter.

“The wind was high when I knocked
at her door, and I heard a voice from
within that I knew not what to make
of, though it sounded something like
the lullaby of a Mother to her Baby.
After entering, I found it came from a
little sister of those drowned children,
that was singing to a bunch of clouts
rudely put together to look like a doll
which I beheld in her arms.

“I tell you this little story in order
that, if it be perfectly convenient, but
on no account else, you may purchase a
thing that may answer the purpose with
something more of pride and pleasure
to this youngling of a nurse.

“Such is your mother’s wish ; I should
not have had the wit to think of it.
No matter, she says, how common a
sort of thing the Doll is, only let it be a
good big one.

“Dear Miss Fenwick, Mrs. Luff does
not wish to part with her sofas, but
they are quite at your service, and she
should be pleased you would use them,
till she has a house of her own. But
that time is, she fears, distant ; her
American property is so unpromising
that she has scruples about taking Old
Brathay. Now should she decline it,
might it not, as the owner is willing to
make some improvement, accommodate
you for a time ? I don’t much like
the thought, but, as a *pis-aller*, it might
possibly do until Mr. Hill may be
tempted to give his cottage up.

“I find from a talk with Mrs. Flem-
ing, that they are disposed to make
improvements could they let it for a
term ; and a term, with liberty, of
course, to underlet, is what you want.
But all this we long to talk over with
you, among a thousand reasons for
wishing you back again.

“It had escaped my recollection
when we heard about the woods and
forests, and the Villars’ kindness, that
I talked this matter over with Lord
Lowther, when he was Surveyor of
that department, and he told me there
was scarcely a single office under him
that was an object, at least *then* a come-
at-able one.

"Were he in England now, I should be inclined to ask him if my recollection be correct. But I must leave, which I do, dearest friends, with love to you both, and wishes for many happy returns of your own birthdays.

"Ever most affectionately yours,

"WM. WORDSWORTH.

"Mrs. Pedder is putting up a new staircase in some part of the house for the convenience of her new tenant. Dearest Dora, your mother tells me she shrinks from copies being spread of those Sonnets; she does not wish one, at any rate, to be given to Miss Gillies, for that, without blame to Miss G., would be like advertising them. I assure you her modesty and humble mindness were so much shocked, that I doubt if she had more pleasure than pain from these compositions, though I never poured out anything more truly from the heart."

The lines alluded to in the concluding words of this letter are probably those addressed to his wife, beginning:—

Oh! dearer far than light and life are dear,
for in the same poem he afterwards comments on her diffidence:—

That sigh of thine, not meant for human ear,
Tells that these words thy humbleness offend, etc.

Yet the praise bestowed upon her strikes one as being founded mainly on her qualifications for being a sympathetic mate for himself, rather than on her individual merit. This is certainly his meaning with regard to her personal appearance:—

Heed not though none should call thee fair,
So, Mary, let it be,
If nought in loveliness compare
With what thou art to me, etc.

Mrs. Wordsworth, with all her beauty of expression, was undoubtedly a plain woman; and this is what may be called putting the fact into plain language. But if she could make no boast of good looks, neither was the poet himself remarkable for beauty of feature, or comeliness of form; while his extreme inattention to little matters of detail in

dress was always more or less marked. I cannot forbear quoting an amusing incident lately told me by an old friend (a grand-niece of Mrs. Wordsworth), who, when a child in her parents' home at Durham, remembers one afternoon an announcement being made to her mother that a man wished to speak to her; and that as he appeared very tired, and seemed to have walked a long distance, he had been accommodated with a seat in the kitchen. My friend's mother, like most country residents, was not unaccustomed to interviewing people of all sorts and conditions, and having finished the letter upon which she was engaged, proceeded leisurely to the kitchen, expecting perhaps some application for employment, or, possibly, to hear a tale of sickness or distress among her humbler neighbors. Her dismay may be imagined when, seated hat in hand upon a Windsor chair, and absently contemplating the weights of the Dutch clock upon the opposite wall, she discovered the poet laureate.

My informant, who was scarcely of an age to appreciate the beauty of the poet's conversation, confesses to an industrious though fruitless attempt on her part to count the number of buttons missing from the distinguished visitor's gaiters on this interesting occasion.

The following letter, addressed to his wife and daughter jointly, is valuable from the mention, or rather the criticism, of the very well-known poem dedicated to Edith Southey, Sara Coleridge, and Dora Wordsworth, and entitled "The Triad." In this letter, however, Wordsworth calls it "The Promise." The stanzas here given are quoted in full, because they differ very materially from the printed version, and it is extremely interesting to compare them.

"Thursday.

"DEAREST M. and D. — From what I learn Mrs. Gee is left in such narrow circumstances that on that account alone it will be better not to stay more than three weeks with her at —.

"I could wish to assist Mrs. Gee, tell her, in disposing of her portion of the Langdale Estate, but you are aware

that no complete title can be made to it till little Mary M. is of age, so that I fear it will be almost an insurmountable objection. I will try. I shall be hurt if you do not so contrive as to spend at least a month at Cambridge with Dr. W. It is not necessary that I should be there to meet you, I will follow as soon as I can. . . . John arrived day before yesterday, looking well and apparently in good spirits. Bills to the amount of upwards of £60, including the one paid by Mr. Jackson, have been sent for Battles, the Taylor's bill not included. Seven pounds for a new suit was also left at Cambridge, so that with use of furniture and John's journey and settling, etc., the expenses on John's account will be very formidable.

"This was my main inducement for closing with Mr. Reynold's offer for 'The Keepsake.' I have already written all that will be necessary to fulfil my engagement, but I wish to write a small narrative poem by way of variety, in which case I shall defer something of what is already written till another year, if we agree.

"I have written one little piece, 34 lines, on the Picture of a beautiful Peasant-Girl bearing a sheaf of corn. The person I had in my mind lives near the Blue Bell, Fillingham—a sweet creature: we saw her going to Hereford.

"Another piece, 82 lines, same Stanza as Ruth, is entitled 'The Wishing-Gate at Grasmere.' Both have, I think, merit. . . .

"Wm. continues in good spirits and sufficiently industrious. Say to Mr. Monkhouse C. Wilson's behavior shews the good sense of Dr. Venables' advice.

"Have nothing to do with Quillinan. I am sorry for his disappointment. I hope dear Dora's looks are better, and that she will collect some flesh as Edith did. I will add for her a few additional lines for 'The Promise,' that is the title of the poem. After 'Where grandeur is unknown,' add:—

What living man would fear
The worst of Fortune's malice, wert thou
near,

Humbling that lilly-branch, thy sceptre
meek,

To brush from off his cheek
The too, too happy tear?
Queen and handmaid lowly! etc.

Before 'Next to these shades a Nymph'
etc., read this:—

Like notes of Birds that after showers
In April concert try their powers,
And with a tumult and a rout
Of warbling, force coy Phœbus out;
Or bid some dark cloud's bosom show
That form divine, the many colored Bow.
E'en so the thrillings of the Lyre
Prevail to further our desire,
While to these shades a Nymph I call,
The youngest of the lovely three:
With glowing cheeks from pastimes virginal
Behold her hastening to the tents
Of nature, and the lonely elements!
And, as if wishful to disarm
Or to repay the tuneful charm,
She bears the stringed lute of old Romance,
etc.

For 'With the happy Rose enwreathed,'
on account of the 'happy tears' above,
read 'With *Idalian* rose.'

Read thus:—

Only ministers to quicken
Sallies of instinctive wit;
Unchecked in laughter-loving gaiety
In all the motions of her spirit free.

After that lovely line, 'How light her air, her delicate glee!' the word 'glee' ought not to occur again.

"Farewell, dearest loves. I have shown the above additions to nobody, even in this house; so I shall shut up my letter that neither it nor they may be read. Love to all at both houses. Again farewell.

"Your affectionate husband and father,
W. W."

The "Dr. W." alluded to in the earlier part of the foregoing letter was the poet's younger brother, and the father of the late Bishop of St. Andrews, whose reminiscences have recently been published. Mrs. Gee, whose name appears frequently in the letters, had at one time a school at Hendon, Dora Wordsworth being one of her pupils.

The marriage of their only daughter, Dora, was a severe trial to the poet and his wife. Mr. Quillinan, of Portuguese

extraction, and himself a poet of some pretension, was a widower with two little girls. His first wife was the daughter of Sir Egerton Brydges (of whom Carlyle says, "he has a small vein of real worth in him, and knows several things"), and he must have been considerably older than Dora; but the main objection advanced by her parents to the marriage was on the grounds of his being a Roman Catholic.

Among the papers are two short letters touching this subject, which are here transcribed. It will be seen that notwithstanding the fatherly affection conveyed in them, there exists also a strong current of objection underlying and qualifying his expressions of satisfaction.

"Sunday morning, Nine o'clock.

"MY DEAREST DORA,—I am looking for Mr. Quillinan every moment. I hope to revive the conversation of yesterday.

"The sum is: I make no opposition to this marriage. I have no resentment connected with it towards any one; you know how much friendship I have always felt towards Mr. Q., and how much I respect him. I do not doubt the strength of his love and affection towards you: this, as far as I am concerned, is the fair side of the case.

"On the other hand, I cannot think of parting with you with that complacency, that satisfaction, that hopefulness which I could wish to feel: there is too much of necessity in the case for my wishes. But I must submit, and do submit; and God Almighty bless you, my dear child, and him who is the object of your long, and long-tried preference and choice.

"Ever your affectionate father,

"WM. WORDSWORTH.

"I have said little above of your dear mother, the best of women. O how my heart is yearning towards her, and you, and my poor dear sister.

"My uncle is rather worse this morning than yesterday at this time. Would that the next week were fairly over!

"I enjoyed the Ballet of the Opera last night."

"Thursday.

"Your letter to me just received. Thanks: I will write from Brinsop—W. W.

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—The letter which you must have received from Wm. has placed before you my judgment and feelings: how far you are reconciled to them I am unable to divine. I have only to add that I believe Mr. Q. to be a most honorable and upright man, and further, that he is most strongly and faithfully attached to you: this I must solemnly declare in justice to you both; and to this I add *my blessing upon you and him*—more I cannot do, and if this does not content you with what your brother has said, we must all abide by God's decision upon our respective fates. Mr. Q. is, I trust, aware how slender my means are; the state of Wm.'s health will undoubtedly entail upon us considerable expense, and how John is to get on without our aid, I cannot foresee. No more at present, my time is out; I am going to join Miss Fenwick at Miss Pollard's.

"Ever your most tender-hearted and affectionate father,

"WM. WORDSWORTH.

"In a beautiful churchyard near Bath I saw, the other day, this inscription:

THOMAS CARROL, Esq.,

BARRISTER AT LAW

Born—so, died—so,

Rest in peace, dear Father.

"There was not another word."

One can hardly avoid commenting on the curiously irrelevant nature of the postscripts appended to these two letters, called forth by a circumstance so near to the father's heart, and presumably written under high pressure. That in the former, especially, referring to the ballet at the opera, strikes one as being particularly out of keeping with the feeling of the few lines above it. Evidently the "Order of Things," upon which Oliver Wendell Holmes so frequently insists, had little place in the poet's mind, a noticeable fact, not only in this, but in many other instances,

where his want of a certain sense of congruity now and then occurs to us.

Some of the early letters from Wordsworth to Quillinan are extremely friendly; they were evidently written before the latter had presented himself definitely in the light of a future son-in-law to his mind. The allusion to his "disappointment," in a letter already quoted, coupled with the recommendation to his wife and daughter to have "nothing to do with Quillinan," was probably occasioned by one of Dora's repeated refusals of his suit.

But it is to be presumed that the Wordsworths, although not desirous of connecting themselves by marriage with the Quillinan family, always took an intimate and kindly interest in the children.

Mrs. Quillinan's tragic end (she died from shock to the system, consequent on a narrow escape from death by burning) would naturally dispose them to look with a friendly and compassionate eye upon her motherless children, and especially on the forlorn little baby; to whom Wordsworth, notwithstanding the difference in creed, was induced to stand godfather, and whom he called Botha after the beautiful river Rotha, whose banks he loved so well.

It was not for some considerable time, however, that Dora consented to become Mr. Quillinan's wife, and she died a victim to consumption, only a very few years after her marriage.

The following letter addressed to Mr. Quillinan is a compound one, half of the sheet being written by Wordsworth, and the rest covered in large text-hand by little Rotha, whom he had just escorted from her home to spend a time with the family at Rydal Mount.

Miss Sara Hutchinson, the poet's sister-in-law, comments on this visit in a letter also lying before me; she mentions how the poet during the drive, becoming suddenly impressed with his responsibilities, asks the little one to repeat aloud with him the Lord's Prayer. "Rotha," to quote from Miss Hutchinson, "was conscious that there was something ridiculous in their so doing in such a situation," and though

complying with the request in duty bound, hastily tacks on to the closing words of the prayer a fervent "I hope the Driver didn't hear us!" which seems to have given rise to much amusement all round, excepting to the poet himself; he, good man, apparently seeing nothing whatever incongruous in his innocent suggestion.

The child's letter (to her little sister Jemima) is far too pretty to be omitted. The orthography and construction are apparently all her own.

"April 29th, 1831.

"MY DEAR MIMA,—I got to rydal on thur about 7 o'clock, it is such a pretty place. I am sorry to say mrs. Wordsworth has got the lumbago very bad. there is a picture of you in my room with little flora and I think it is like you. there is a picture of papa too but I do not think it is much like him tell Eliza I have bought the doll it has light hair and blue eyes and also give my love to her. The students at cambridge have such funy caps and gowns I went one Sunday Trinity college chapel and ali of the students wear surplises I dont know wether I have spelt it right.

"Believe me to be your affectionate sister Rotha Quillinan there is such a larg dog called nepton almost as large as a calf, so If he jumped upon me he would most likely turn me over."

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I cannot suffer this letter to go without a word from me; and first of dear Mrs. Wordsworth—her complaint is lumbago and sciatica, the younger sister and scarcely distinguishable from tie-doulereux. But here my poetical reputation served us. I knew no one in Nottingham, but bethought me of the Howitts. There are two brothers of them—on one I called to state my situation, and found that there was a third Brother, a Physician. Him I sent for, and Wm. and Mary Howitt insisted on the invalid being brought to their house, which was a great comfort on the eve of an Election. We made one attempt to move her in vain, in the afternoon we succeeded, and she passed through

the wide market-place of Nottingham, wrapped in a blanket (she could not be dressed), and in a chair, followed by a 100 boys and curious persons. So that she preceded Sir Thomas Denham and Ferguson in the honor of being chaired, and was called by us Parliament Woman for the loyal Borough of Nottingham.

"As to Rotha she is a sweet, clever child, and we were the best companions in the world. As Miss H. says, we must take care not to spoil her; she is wonderfully intelligent.

"God bless you. I am called away.

"Ever faithfully and gratefully yours,
W. WORDSWORTH.

"Love to Jemima."

This little incident of Mrs. Wordsworth's illness and removal to the Howitts' house is duly recorded also in Mary Howitt's pleasant autobiography. She speaks of the year 1831 as "a memorable one" to her, by reason of the Wordsworths' visit, but we will give it in her own words. "This day week," she writes in her diary, "as we were dressing in the morning, Mr. Wordsworth was announced. He was on his way from London, and Mrs. Wordsworth, who was with him, was taken ill on the road, and had arrived in great agony in Nottingham, the night before. He came, poor man, in much perplexity to ask our advice. We recommended that Godfrey should see her, and insisted on her removal to our house, which was accomplished with some difficulty the same afternoon. Here she has accordingly been since; she is now nearly recovered. Wordsworth greatly pleased me. He is worthy of being the author of 'The Excursion' and 'Ruth,' and those sweet poems of human sympathy. Not less are we pleased with Mrs. Wordsworth and her lovely daughter, Dora.

"They are the most grateful people; everything we do for them is right, and the very best it can be."

In a letter which is published in "The Memoirs," we find the poet stating that he "derived benefit from Mr. Quillinan's help and judgment;" and

from the correspondence now under our notice, it would appear that there was a frequent interchange between the friends of criticism on their respective productions. The subjoined extract of a letter to Mr. Quillinan evidently refers to some work of the latter's submitted for the poet's inspection, and apparently accompanied by a request for a candid opinion upon its merits.

His comments upon it are here transcribed at length, because it is interesting to observe the exact shade of meaning which, by his own showing, certain words conveyed to the poet's mind; and his friendly criticism of Mr. Quillinan's verse helps us, moreover, to form an idea of the careful and minute study he probably bestowed upon his own composition before sending it to the press, in order to ensure the entire suitability of every word to the expression of his thought. This is the more noteworthy because Wordsworth has been accused by more than one critic of a certain blunt carelessness in penning down his first crude impressions, without taking sufficient trouble to adapt them to the exigences of verse.

Unfortunately the subject criticised is not within our reach, but we can easily dispense with it in the light of the very comprehensive comments made by its critic, and the thoroughly clear manner in which he makes his meaning evident.

"We have read your verses," he says, "with much pleasure; they want neither eye nor feeling, and are upon the whole, which is saying a great deal, worthy of the subject. But the expression is here and there faulty, as I am pretty sure you must be yourself aware.

"'Piles' ought to be *pile*, but 'aisles,' a necessary word, has caused a sacrifice to rhyme. 'Exstatic' is a word not too strong perhaps though referring to stone, considered apart from the human heart, but coupled with it thus it strikes me as being so.

"To 'conscious pillars' I should have preferred an epithet addressed to the sight, and appropriate to architecture.

I should like *chequered* better than 'mottled,' which is a word almost always used in unfavorable or mean sense — as mottled with measles, mottled soap, etc.

"By her *sculpture*' seems too strong a word for the touch of the moon; and 'flecked,' as far as I am acquainted with the word, applies to spots on the surface having reference to shade or color, and not to incision.

"The primary sense — that most frequently used — of the word *anatomy*, being the art or act of dissection, causes some obscurity or confusion joined with the phrase of what he was, which might be avoided, though perhaps with some loss of force, if it was not for the confusion, by altering the passage thus: —

"His grim anatomy

So fall the rays *shed by the moon*, that in their silent strife,' or *from the clear moon*.

"A better epithet might be found than '*swelling* with richness bland.'

"You must be well aware that this is the worst line in the poem. All the rest is beautiful in feeling, as it is faultless in expression."

Besides such friendly criticisms as the above, there occur in the letters frequent mentions of mutual acquaintances and friends — of "dear Southey," his troubles and misfortunes, "thorns in his side not of his own planting;" and here and there some touching allusions to Hartley Coleridge, of whom the same cannot be said.

"He" (the latter) "is wandering about like a vagabond, sleeping in barns, without the dignity of gypsy life, and picking up a meal where he can, in and about Ambleside."

This sad subject evidently stirred him most deeply; and the manner in which he occasionally alludes to it recalls to mind Harriet Martineau's description of his tender, loving treatment of his unfortunate friend.

"As long as there was any chance of good from remonstrance and rebuke," writes Miss Martineau, "Wordsworth administered both sternly and faithfully; but when nothing more than pity and help was possible, Wordsworth

treated him as gently as if he had been a sick child."

This devotion and pitying care for the hapless being he had once called friend, call forth our warmest admiration; more especially when we take into consideration certain strong prejudices of his nature, which must have caused him to shrink painfully from anything so degraded as Hartley Coleridge had become. Yet he ministered to him unceasingly during the latter days of his life; devotedly tending him in his last illness, and faithfully accompanying him to that grave, in the little churchyard among the mountains, close by the spot where his own remains are now resting.

One cannot but recall the pathetic little poem "to H. C., aged six years," and wonder whether its closing lines had place in his mind that day, as he bowed his aged head over poor Hartley's coffin: —

What hast thou to do with sorrow,
Or the injuries of to-morrow?
Thou art a dew-drop which the morn brings
forth;

Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,
Or to be trailed along the soiling earth;
A gem that glitters while it lives,
And no forewarning gives,
But at the touch of wrong, without a strife,
Slips in a moment out of life.

From the following extract from another letter to Quillinan, the reader may be interested in learning that the bitter cry of the author against the publisher might have been heard in the land even in Wordsworth's day, who very plainly puts forth his views on this point and also on the copyright question, apparently then, as now, a burning subject for discussion. Possibly some public reform in this matter was under contemplation when the lines were penned.

"I do not acknowledge the force of the objections made to my publishing the specimens of Chaucer, nevertheless I have yielded to the judgments of others, and have not sent more than the 'Cuckoo and Nightingale.'

"Tegg is what you say. He has written two long and stupid letters to

the *Times*, in one of which the block-head says, 'Look at the profits, the enormous ones of such and such people —'

"The large and increasing instant demand for literature of a certain quality holds out the strongest temptation to men who could do better, writing below themselves to suit the taste of the superficial many. What we want is not books to catch purchasers themselves not worth a moment's notice, not light but solid matter, not things treated in a broad and coarse, or, at best, a superficial way, but profound or refined works comprehensive of human interests through time as well as space. Kotzebue was acted and read at once from Cadiz to Moscow; what has become of him now?

"But Tegg has the impudence to affirm that another 'Paradise Lost,' or a poem as good, would at once produce 10,000*l.* from Mr. Murray and others. *Credat Judæus Apella.* 'Paradise Lost' is indeed bought because people for their own credit must now have it. But how few, how very few read it; when it is read by the multitude, it is almost exclusively not as a poem, but a religious book.

"But even were it true that substantial work would at once secure a wide circulation, justice would still be violated by withholding from the descendants or heirs of a great author the further advantage he is so strongly entitled to. The wretch Tegg says his 'line is to watch expiring copyrights;' and would be no doubt, if he dared, to murder the authors for the sake of getting sooner at his prey. But too much of this disgusting subject."

It seems that the poet, with all his habitual gentleness and mildness of manner, had nevertheless some strong opinions of his own on certain matters, and lacked not the courage on occasions to speak his mind. Here is an amusing reference to Chauncey Hare Townsend, an unorthodox parson of the day, whose literary remains, by the way, were afterwards gathered together and edited by Charles Dickens. The reverend gentleman has somehow or other fallen

under the ban of his displeasure, in part, we gather, on account of some comment or criticism on Wordsworth's composition, not too politely expressed.

"The Rev. Chauncey Hare Townsend," he writes, "is as pretty a rascal as ever put on a surplice. He is one of Southey's most intimate friends, and has been so for about a dozen or fourteen years, during a good part of which period I have occasionally seen him on very friendly terms, both at Cambridge where I have dined with him, and at my own house where he has slept and where he was cordially received twice, while this attack upon my person and writing was in process.

"The thing, as an intellectual production, is safe in its own vileness. Who that ever felt a line of my poetry would trouble himself to crush a miserable maggot crawled out of the dead carcase of the *Edinburgh Review*? But too much of this."

He also indulges not infrequently in caustic remarks on women who write, towards whom he always retained a rooted objection. It is said that after Miss Martineau took up her residence in his neighborhood, this abhorrence to authoresses sometimes took such active expression that the deaf lady was frequently obliged to see what she could not hear, and perforce, to recognize that her presence was unwelcome at Rydal Mount. She herself, however, makes no mention of anything of the kind, when alluding to the Wordsworths, and her intercourse with them.

On one occasion, after unsparingly condemning a work by Miss Sedgwick, he concludes his criticism thus: "Such productions add to my dislike of Literary Ladies—indeed make me almost detest the name." And further on again I find the rather sweeping announcement that "blue stockinism is sadly at enmity with true refinement of mind." This last is said in reference to Sara Coleridge, whom he rather pettishly accuses of monopolizing Mr. Quillinan's attention on one occasion, during the time of the latter's engagement to his daughter Dora. Perhaps, as the remark is made in a letter to

Quillinan himself, something in the nature of a tacit reproof may be included in it for him also.

That Wordsworth entertained a high ideal of womanhood in the abstract is undoubted, and is evident in most of his poetry; but it is equally true that he could ill support contradiction or interference from the ladies of his own family, from whom, by the way, he was likely to meet with very little of either. He was lord paramount in his home; the central figure of a group of devoted and faithful admirers, who could see no flaw in anything he said or did. His sister and his sister-in-law resided constantly with them, joining wife and daughter in one invariable chant of praise of his great gifts, and veneration for his genius.

Under such circumstances who could wonder at the growing weakness for universal approbation which is said to have beset, in his latter days, the grand old Lake poet?

Doubtless also the ubiquitous British tourist, who still stalks the earth dealing out desolation wherever he penetrates, has much to answer for from his pernicious custom of hunting down celebrities with unceasing incursions on their privacy.

When reviewing the lives of most men of mark we are generally able to observe that one particular period in their career will stand out in brilliant relief to the rest; we can, as a rule, point unmistakably to the rise, the climax, and the subsidence of power in the rather rare instances of longevity in connection with genius.

In Wordsworth's case the zenith of his poetical inspiration was concentrated into a remarkably short space of time; and he was doubtless painfully aware, in the closing years of his long life, of his inability to reach his own earlier standard. In some of these very letters there is abundant evidence that such was the case. *Non sum quas eram* is the pathetic burden of several of them. It may be that a natural anxiety to make the most of the high reputation he had so justly won, and of the waning of which he may have

been unhappily conscious, resulted, in his old age, in a tenacious craving for outward and visible signs of that sort of popularity which, in former days, he had probably regarded with indifference.

However this may be, a fitting conclusion to these suggestions may be found in one more quotation of his own words, arising from the consideration of the praises bestowed upon great and good men:—

"The noblest of mankind," he observes, "have been found, when intimately known, to be of characters so imperfect that no eulogist can find a subject which he will venture upon with the animation necessary to create sympathy, unless he confines himself to a particular art, or he takes something of a one-sided view of the person he is disposed to celebrate."

"This," he adds, "is a melancholy truth."

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
THE MASTER OF THE CHRYSOLITE.

BY G. B. O'HALLORAN.

CHAPTER I.

CAPTAIN ANDERSON stood alone in the world. But he was one who *could* stand alone, for his will was strong and his affections were weak. Those who thought they knew him best said he was hardy. The remainder said he was hard, his heart a stone. Still he was a human being, for, like others, he cherished hobbies. His hobbies, however, were not of that class which is compassed about by rest and roses. Instead, they were clothed with a stern delight born of defiance and danger. To work his ship across the bay in the teeth of an adverse gale; to weather a lee shore; to master a rebellious crew single-handed—these were the wild diversions which satisfied him. Once, in the China seas, his men grew mutinous; said the ship was "leaking like a lobster-pot," and straightway put her about for Singapore; swore they did not care what the skipper thought, in fact, would like to talk to him a bit.

The skipper was below when the first mate brought down the news and a very pale face as well.

"Tell the men to muster!"

So soon as the mate's back was turned, John Anderson took a revolver from a locker and charged it; then, ascending the companion ladder, he walked to the break of the poop, his hands buried in the pockets of a pea-jacket. Down below him were the men, lolling about in a sullen crowd on the weather side of the quarter-deck. They were thirty or forty in number, and were a vicious-looking set.

"Now then, my men! Half an hour ago we were steering due north-east. Who was it dared to lay the ship's nose the other way?"

The burly boatswain swung his way out of the crowd, planted his foot on the first step of the poop ladder, and stared up at the captain.

"I did, and be damned to you!" roared he. There was a loud report. The boatswain dropped, shot in the leg. And the crew shivered under a gleaming eye and a gleaming weapon.

"All hands 'bout ship!" cried the master. The wounded boatswain, raising himself for a moment on one hand, piped faintly and then fell back unconscious. But the men were already at their stations, and in five minutes more the *Chrysolite* was heading north-east again.

Such incidents as these gave John Anderson an unenviable reputation amongst sailors. It was seldom that the same crew served with him twice. Two voyages under this tartar were more than could be stood, and from his subordinates, therefore, he gained nothing but hatred and fear.

It was very difficult, then, to find out where Captain Anderson's weakness lay. Everybody, of course, has his weakness. But this man appeared to be all strength. His whole life seemed like a rod of burnished steel—a passion-proof life, a fire-proof rod. The owners of the *Chrysolite*, Messrs. Ruin & Ruin, of Billiter Street, piqued themselves on knowing his tender point. He was avaricious, thought they; he

would do much for money, and they would some day try him in the furnace. It was true, indeed, that the old sailor had amassed considerable wealth during his frequent voyages to the East. It was true also that he was sparing and saving; that he drove bargains to the verge of perdition, and clinched them at the crucial moment. But it was equally true that he was free from fraud. His teas were what they pretended to be, his silks unimpeachable, and no man ever came back upon him with complaints of their genuineness. The world allowed that he was at least commercially honorable, but felt fully convinced that he was eaten up with desire for gold.

But the world was wrong. The captain himself was sometimes given to metaphysical speculation, and even *he* was puzzled to know if his heart had a whit more feeling than any other pumping-engine. Women he looked upon as frivolities of vanity to which he could not reconcile his stern nature; and men he regarded as instruments to be rigorously disciplined, not failing at the same time to discipline himself. His heart was of no use to him except to circulate his blood. In default, therefore, of loving anything, he fell quite naturally to pursuing a difficult task—the piling up of a mountain of gold. This was congenial solely because it was difficult, and difficulties overcome were his only sources of satisfaction.

Now it happened that a new firm trading to the East, in competition with Messrs. Ruin & Ruin, had made advances to Captain Anderson with a view to engaging him in their service; and as they offered liberal terms, including a handsome percentage, it was not long before the old seaman was won over. Here is a chance, thought he, of heaping up my mountain so much the more quickly, and I am determined that my actions shall not be hampered by sentiment. Notwithstanding this last threat, he found it a very unpleasant thing to break with his old employers, one of whose ships he had commanded for a score of years.

But he would get scot free of them before he finally concluded negotiations with the new people. And so it came to pass that one morning he walked along Billiter Street with his twenty-year-old commission in his pocket.

It is curious how fond real old salts are of dress when ashore. Here was John Anderson in a top hat and kid gloves, looking anything but at home in them. The glossy hat was a mockery to his bold, sea-worn face, and his big knuckles were almost bursting through the soft kid with indignation at the affront put upon them.

He reached the chambers in which the firm of Messrs. Ruin & Ruin was established, and ascended the staircase—for the office was on the second floor. The senior partner was within, and the captain was admitted into his room without delay.

"Glad to see you, Captain Anderson," said Mr. Ruin in an unusually cordial tone, at the same time shaking hands. "You've made a capital passage, and freighted the Chrysolite well."

Mr. Ruin was a big fat man, who spoke oilily. His clean-shaven face was never without the remnants of a smile—a smile, though, which was not remarkable for its sincerity. Still, it had its value—in the market—for it was a commercial smile. A pair of small grey eyes were almost hidden by the obese curves of his cheeks; but you learned in a very short time that they kept a sharp and shrewd lookout from behind those ramparts. The two men sat down at opposite sides of the table, the owner guessing from the captain's manner that there was something in the wind, and the captain thinking his employer's exuberance of civility betokened more than was manifest.

"Yes, I brought her a quick passage," replied Anderson; then, looking straight at the owner, "and it's the last she'll make under me."

The remnants of a smile coalesced, ploughing up Mr. Ruin's cheeks into greasy furrows.

"My dear captain, we could not

hear of it! We're too old friends to part like that."

"Well, sir, I've come this morning, for private reasons, to throw up my commission," said the captain, simultaneously throwing down his commission before the senior partner's eyes.

"I can't accept it, Mr. Anderson; I can't, indeed," replied the owner, picking up the parchment. "And I'll tell you why. My brother and I have been thinking matters over, and we've really been obliged to confess, for conscience' sake, that the Chrysolite is getting old."

"Devilish old!" muttered the captain, forgetting himself for a moment.

"Well, now I think of it again, I believe my brother did say she was 'devilish old'—a strange coincidence. Still she is a fine model of a boat. What d'ye think yourself?"

"She has rare lines," said the other, with a slight approach to grave enthusiasm.

"The very remark I made myself only yesterday. Yes, we agreed she was a pretty boat; and I admit, from sheer sentiment, I cannot bear to think of her being chopped up for firewood. So inharmonious, don't you think?"

The old sailor looked sullen, and said nothing.

Mr. Ruin leaned his elbows well on to the table in a confidential manner, and reduced his voice to husky whispering.

"My brother told me he should not mind seeing her end her days as a picturesque wreck, but to sell her for matchwood was barbarous. I was really of the same opinion. And—and—couldn't it be managed for her, Captain Anderson?"

The two looked at each other narrowly. "If you can get any one to do it, of course it can be done. But I would sooner——"

"Now before you judge, hear me, captain. I feel sure you could find me that man if you chose. See, the Chrysolite is insured in the Jupiter Insurance Company for £9,000. Here is the policy. And the man that saves her from the axe, and makes a pictur-

esque wreck of her, will earn the gratitude of Messrs. Ruin & Ruin, and £3,000 besides."

For once even the remnants of a smile had disappeared from the senior partner's face, and he stood confessed—the type of a cool financial scoundrel.

The sailor, on the other hand, was agitated as no one had ever seen him before. The veins stood out on his brawny throat like rope. His eyelids were purple. For a few moments his head swam. Then he righted himself as suddenly, with an emphatic refusal ready on his lips. But the wily partner had left the room. This gave Anderson time to think, and the more he thought the more that pile of gold forced itself before him, until forsooth he fell to thinking how such an end *could* be compassed—by another commander. He saw clearly that a skilful seaman might achieve this thing with slight danger to himself and his crew. And all this time the three thousand pounds shone so lustroously that his moral vision was dazzled, and the huge iniquity of the whole affair was rapidly vanishing from sight.

When Mr. Ruin re-entered, Anderson was looking ashamed and guilty.

"Well, captain, can I help you to a conclusion?" came from the oily lips.

"It's this way," replied the old man, turning round but keeping his eyes fixed on the carpet, "I can't do it. No, I can't."

Mr. Ruin eyed him dubiously, and rubbed his chin gently. "I'm sorry—very, very sorry! £3,000 won't go long begging, though. And I shall have to accept your resignation, captain."

Anderson only took up his hat and walked slowly out of the room. He had not descended many steps, when he turned back and re-opened the door.

"No, sir," he said, "it can't be done. I must think it over, and—no—it can't be done." With that he went his way, miserable.

The same night he received a letter by post. It contained his old commission, reinstating him in the command of the Chrysolite.

CHAPTER II.

FOUR months later the Chrysolite was unloading a general cargo in Mauritius Harbor. Captain Anderson had thought it over.

The quay was quickly covered with Manchester bales and Birmingham cases; and it was not long before the tackle at the mainyard arm was set a-clicking, as the baskets of sand-ballast were hove up to be poured into the empty hold. No such luxuries were there as steam-winchcs, nor any of those modern appliances for lightening labor. Instead, five or six hands plied the ponderous work at the winch handles, the labor being substantially aggravated by the heat of a vertical sun. A spell at the orthodox hand-winch in the tropics is an ordeal not to be lightly spoken of, and sailors have the very strongest objection to the work. It required the utmost vigilance on the part of the captain, therefore, to prevent the feebler spirits from deserting. He was able, however, to reckon a full crew as he steered out of Port Louis harbor and shaped his course for Ceylon.

Some of the hands had grumbled at not having more liberty to go ashore. In an access of passion Anderson made answer,—

"To your kennels, you dogs! I'll put you ashore soon enough, and I'll warrant you'll stay there longer than you care for."

It was indiscreet language, and the men puzzled over it. They concluded that the skipper meant to obtain their imprisonment at the next British port they should touch, for mutinous conduct, and knowing he was a man of his word they assumed their best behavior.

Captain Anderson had not changed for the better. Hitherto he had maintained a firmness of discipline bordering upon severity, and he certainly had never relaxed from that attitude. Now he had become an incomprehensible mixture of indulgence and cruelty. The two elements were incompatible, and the more intelligent of his officers were not long in perceiving that there was a vicious and variable wind in their supe-

rior's moral atmosphere, under which his canvas strained or flapped unaccountably. They imagined, to pursue their own figure, that his hand did not grasp the reason-tiller with its customary grip, and that his bark was left more or less to the conflicting guidance of other influences. Many a time since his departure from England had the old sailor been stung with remorse at the unwritten tenor of his present commission. He would frequently try to look the whole thing in the face—would endeavor to account for the acceptance of an office against which his whole self revolted. He would recite the interview in the Billiter Street Chambers with his employer, passing rapidly over the preliminary parts until he came to the *reward*. No! he was not false enough or euphemistic enough to call it a reward; he would regard it as a bribe. But he could never get further. He always grounded on this reef of gold, and no tide of indignation or regret, no generous current of honor, had power to sweep him off again into the saving waters. Here the fierce rays of desire shot down upon the resplendent heap, whose reflected glory filled the whole vision of the watcher with its lustre. Blame him not too much, nor it. For after all man is but man, and gold is a thing of comfort.

But had Captain Anderson followed his mental inquiries to a conclusion, had he demonstrated to himself the depth of moral degradation into which he must be plunged, his pride would never have allowed him to do anything but redeem his unuttered word.

As an illustration of the captain's lately acquired habit of indulgence, the most remarkable was his treatment of the watch on deck during the night. The man on the lookout, for instance, was in the habit of going to sleep if the weather made it at all practicable. The rest of the watch, some fifteen or twenty hands, followed suit, or even skulked back into the fo'castle, there to stretch themselves out on their chests and smoke. These things the captain connived at, and the men were only too glad of the relief to inquire too curi-

ously into his reasons. The main object of a sailing-ship sailor is to gain as much sleep as he can by whatever means, and in pursuit of this end he will evade even those duties which are the most essential to the safety of the ship.

One night, during the middle watch, the captain came on deck, and took to walking up and down with the second mate. The night was clear, though dark. The *Chrysolite* was close-hauled on the starboard tack, and was making good headway under a clinking breeze. She was an old-fashioned, frigate-built, full-rigged ship, such as one seldom happens on now, her quarter-galleries, chain-plates, to'gallant bulwarks, and single topsail yards being all out of date amongst the shipbuilders of to-day. It has been said that she had "rare lines," and the remark was just. A more imposing pile of timber was possibly never floated. She had plenty of beam to cope with the South Atlantic wave-giants, and not too much sheer. Her fiddle stem was gracefully cut, and harmonized to perfection with the slight rake aft of her lofty masts. Her spars, also, were finely proportioned to the breadth of her hull. So that, with her canvas spread in an unwavering breeze, the *Chrysolite* was a stately creature and "a thing of beauty."

"Mr. Grant," said the captain, addressing his subordinate officer, "be good enough to take a star and work out the ship's position."

The second mate quickly fetched his sextant, and took the altitude of a star convenient for his purpose. He then went below to the cabin to perform his calculations. The lookout man, a ready sleeper, was in a heavy slumber, upon which the stiffening breeze made no effect. The rest of the watch had disappeared in the customary fashion. Captain Anderson was practically alone on deck.

He walked forward, leant over the weather rail, and directed his glass. He saw just exactly what he expected to see. There, right ahead in the distance, the binoculars showed a long, thin streak of sparkling silver, appear-

ing like a lightning flash held fast between the darkness and the deep sea. It was phosphorescent water playing on a sand bank.

Anderson put the glass into his pocket. He was sullen and determined. He stood motionless for full half an hour, trying to repress the workings of an aroused conscience; but his thoughts would not let him alone. There was something behind them, some new sensations, which set them buzzing in his mind. These sensations were his finest feelings, ennobling emotions which had been cramped in the grip of discipline for forty years. He could not comprehend it, but he found himself pursuing a train of thought of finer sensibility than he had ever experienced, and in which the great bribe had no place. He foreshadowed in his mind's eye the tragic events over which he was now presiding. He foresaw the danger to life and limb with a fresh clearness of vision. He pictured to himself the possible agonies of his fellow-creatures (never once thinking of his own) with a sentiment much akin to pity—strong, too, but not sufficiently strong to overcome that unbending pride which forbade him for honor's sake to go back upon his promise. Then there was the doom of the ship itself—

The man is not angry, much less fearful; but his lips are quivering and his nostrils widening with a passion hitherto unknown. He sees the picture vividly—a majestic, gallant ship done to destruction—a rich, ruined seaman wandering on earth with a broken heart in a dishonored bosom. Not only a gallant ship, but a lifelong pride and the fulness of a heart's desire swept recklessly into limbo. Here, at last, had his love revealed itself.

"No, by God, she *shall* not perish!"

CHAPTER III.

WITH a rapid movement he gains the fo'castle, and roars into it, "All hands 'bout ship! Quick now, for your very lives!"

There is no mistaking his tone. It is not one of driving tyranny, but of ur-

gent agony, and it goes right home to every man.

Up they tumble in a ready crowd, many in their shirts alone. They are all sleepy, but the business in hand will soon cure them of this.

They stand by. The helm is put down, and quickly the Chrysolite veers round in process of reaching the other tack. Will she do it? No! She trembles almost in the teeth of the wind, misses stays, and falls off again on to the old tack.

Anderson cannot understand it; old sailor as he is; puts the helm down once more; once more she misses.

"Back the mainyard! Shiver the foreyard!"

Soon every stitch of canvas on the mainmast is swung about to face the breeze, while that on the foremast is hauled in. Although she be going at eight knots, *that* should check her.

But it does not.

"Mizen-topsail braces, then!" Quick as thought the lee braces are slacked off, and those on the weather side made taut. Still she is not checked. Strange, too, for the breeze is stiff. Anderson feels she is in the stream of a strong current.

There had been no need to say what was the cause of danger. The heavy boom of breakers rose above the tread of feet, the clashing of spars, and the chorus of curses.

Meanwhile Mr. Grant had finished his calculations below. He has found for a result that the ship is among the Maldive reefs. He is certain there must be some error in his work, and he sets himself to revise his figures. But the breeze sweeps into the cabin with a faint command from the upper air—"Back the mainyard!"—and he shrewdly guesses that his calculations are correct.

The captain is everywhere at once, urging and aiding. He sees the whole canvas aback, and yet the Chrysolite drifts on. He cannot 'bout his ship nor back her.

The reef is quite within appreciable distance now. The hands can do nothing more, so they gaze at the dancing

line of phosphorescent atoms, and curse tremendously — though these may be their last moments.

"All hands wear ship!" comes sharply from Anderson.

"— you and your orders," cried some one. "To the boats, to the boats!"

Although the Chrysolite carried five boats, no less than four of them were unseaworthy. In those days the examination of an outward-bound ship was slurred over, with the natural consequence that the marine law was more frequently broken than observed. The only boat on board the Chrysolite worth launching was the lifeboat, which stood bottom upwards between the main and mizenmasts. At the cry "To the boats!" there is a rush for her. But Anderson is first. He carries in his hand a small axe, meant for clearing away light wreckage. With a vigorous blow the lifeboat is stove in. The men stop short, daunted. He turns about and faces them, looking like an angry Titan.

"Now then, you hell-hounds, wear the ship or sink!" They see he means to be master to the end.

It is too late even for imprecation. The men literally spring to their work, with an alacrity begot of desperation. Every moment is of the utmost value, for the reef is very close and the horrible breakers are in all ears.

Anderson himself holds the wheel. He has put the helm up, and soon the great ship with swelling sails breaks out of the current. He feels the change on the instant; the hands know it too. But the danger is not past. Leaving the wheel to another, he runs quickly forward to lean over the weather rail. As he passes through the crowd on the fo'castle, the poor fellows cheer him ringingly. The fine old seaman doffs his cap and makes them a grand, manly bow.

He glances at the reef and then mutters quietly to himself, "She will never clear it, and God forgive me!" Then, wheeling round, he gives a command.

"Let go both anchors! It is our only chance!"

Many hearts sink at the order, but in as few moments as possible the cables are smoking through the hawse-pipes. The anchors touch bottom, and hold. All hands clutch the stanchions or shrouds in anticipation of the shock. It comes. The ship, racing on, is brought up with a round turn of such sudden force as to shake every nail in her limbers. Aloft there is crash upon crash, and the lighter spars come showering on to the deck, bringing along with them ragged remnants of canvas. One man is struck down. The hawesers hum with strenuous vibration. The timbers at the bluff of the bow crack almost vertically, until the ship's nose is well-nigh torn out. The tension is too great and the port cable snaps. The starboard one is tougher. But were it never so tough it will not save the ship, for its anchor is dragging. Back she sags, gathered into her doom by the whitening waters; until at length, thus lifted along, her keel rests athwart the bank, and she heels over. Her sailing days are done. As the consecutive seas sweep up the reef, she lifts her head and drops it again and again, like a poor recumbent brute in its death hour. But the wind must sometime cease, and the waves forget their anger. Then will she take a long repose, leaning on her shattered side — the very type of a picturesque wreck.

About this time Messrs. Ruin & Ruin were more than usually interested in the shipping news, and one morning they saw, under the heading of Wrecks and Casualties, this:—

"MINICOY (MALDIVE ISLANDS). — The frigate Chrysolite, of London, went ashore yesterday night on the southern reefs, and is now a total wreck. All hands saved except John Anderson, master, who was killed by a falling spar."

The result of the whole business had far exceeded the owners' expectations. It had been so neatly done; and the greatest comfort of all was that no one was now left who could tell tales. They did not exactly thank God, in so many

words, for the death of their faithful servant. That was very sad, as of course it should be. But they thanked him in all humility for a certain sum of £3,000, which would have gone elsewhere but for — If he, Anderson, had had wife or children, Messrs. Ruin & Ruin felt almost certain they would have made provision for them. But they thanked God, again, that the captain had never married. All that was necessary to be done now was to send in a claim for the insurance money, and, if well advised, retire into private life.

Messrs. Ruin & Ruin talked the matter over between them, congratulated themselves upon their prosperity, made no end of choice little plans for the future, and finally decided to forsake the commercial profession. And, indeed, they would have done so, but that the evening papers contained an item of intelligence, which, though less expected, and therefore more startling, contained just as lively an interest for them as the report of the wreck. It ran thus : —

"It is currently reported that the Jupiter Insurance Company has failed heavily, and is only able to meet its liabilities with a composition of sixpence in the £."

Messrs. Ruin & Ruin still carry on business near Billiter Street, but their offices are now on the top floor in a very back alley.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE INADEQUACY OF "NATURAL
SELECTION."

BY HERBERT SPENCER.

ALONG with that inadequacy of natural selection to explain changes of structure which do not aid life in important ways, alleged in § 166 of "The Principles of Biology," a further inadequacy was alleged. It was contended that the relative powers of co-operative parts cannot be adjusted solely by survival of the fittest; and especially where the parts are numer-

ous and the co-operation complex. In illustration it was pointed out that immensely developed horns, such as those of the extinct Irish elk, weighing over a hundredweight, could not, with the massive skull bearing them, be carried at the extremity of the outstretched neck without many and great modifications of adjacent bones and muscles of the neck and thorax; and that without strengthening of the fore legs, too, there would be failure alike in fighting and in locomotion. And it was argued that while we cannot assume spontaneous increase of all these parts proportionate to the additional strains, we cannot suppose them to increase by variation one at once, without supposing the creature to be disadvantaged by the weight and nutrition of parts that were for the time useless — parts, moreover, which would revert to their original sizes before the other needful variations occurred.

When, in reply to me, it was contended that co-operative parts vary together, I named facts conflicting with this assertion — the fact that the blind crabs of the Kentucky caves have lost their eyes but not the foot-stalks carrying them; the fact that the normal proportion between tongue and beak in certain selected varieties of pigeons is lost; the fact that lack of concomitance in decrease of jaws and teeth in sundry kinds of pet dogs, has caused great crowding of the teeth (The Factors of Organic Evolution, pp. 12, 13). And I then argued that if co-operative parts, small in number and so closely associated as these are, do not vary together, it is unwarrantable to allege that co-operative parts which are very numerous and remote from one another vary together. After making this rejoinder I enforced my argument by a further example — that of the giraffe. Tacitly recognizing the truth that the unusual structure of this creature must have been, in its more conspicuous traits, the result of survival of the fittest (since it is absurd to suppose that efforts to reach a high branch could lengthen the legs), I illustrated afresh the obstacles to co-adaptation. Not

dwelling on the objection that increase of any components of the fore quarters out of adjustment to the others would cause evil rather than good, I went on to argue that the co-adaptation of parts required to make the giraffe's structure useful is much greater than at first appears. This animal has a grotesque gallop, necessitated by the great difference in length between the fore and the hind limbs. I pointed out that the mode of action of the hind limb shows that the bones and muscles have all been changed in their proportions and adjustments; and I contended that, difficult as it is to believe that all parts of the fore quarters have been co-adapted by the appropriate variations now of this part, now of that, it becomes impossible to believe that all the parts in the hind quarters have been simultaneously co-adapted to one another and to all the parts of the fore quarters; adding that want of co-adaptation, even in a single muscle, would cause fatal results when high speed had to be maintained while escaping from an enemy.

Since this argument, repeated with this fresh illustration, was published in 1886, I have met with nothing to be called a reply; and might, I think, if convictions usually followed proofs, leave the matter as it stands. It is true that, in his "Darwinism," Mr. Wallace has adverted to my renewed objection and, as already said, contended that changes such as those instanced can be effected by natural selection, since such changes can be effected by artificial selection; a contention which, as I have pointed out, assumes a parallelism that does not exist. But now, instead of pursuing the argument further along the same line, let me take a somewhat different line.

If there occurs some change in an organ, say, by increase of its size, which adapts it better to the creature's needs, it is admitted that when, as commonly happens, the use of the organ demands the co-operation of other organs, the change in it will generally be of no service unless the co-operative

organs are changed. If, for instance, there takes place such a modification of a rodent's tail as that which, by successive increases, produces the trowel-shaped tail of the beaver, no advantage will be derived unless there also take place certain modifications in the bulks and shapes of the adjacent vertebrae and their attached muscles, as well, probably, as in the hind limbs, enabling them to withstand the reaction of the blows given by the tail. And the question is, by what process these many parts, changed in different degrees, are co-adapted to the new requirements—whether variation and natural selection alone can effect the readjustment. There are three conceivable ways in which the parts may simultaneously change: (1) they may all increase or decrease together in like degrees; (2) they may all simultaneously increase or decrease independently, so as not to maintain their previous proportions or assume any other special proportions; (3) they may vary in such ways and degrees as to make them jointly serviceable for the new end. Let us consider closely these several conceivabilities.

And first of all, what are we to understand by co-operative parts? In a general sense, all the organs of the body are co-operative parts, and are respectively liable to be more or less changed by change in any one. In a narrower sense, more directly relevant to the argument, we may, if we choose to multiply difficulties, take the entire framework of bones and muscles as formed of co-operative parts; for these are so related that any considerable change in the actions of some entails change in the actions of most others. It needs only to observe how, when putting out an effort, there goes, along with a deep breath, an expansion of the chest, and a bracing up of the abdomen, to see that various muscles beyond those directly concerned are strained along with them. Or, when suffering from lumbago, an effort to lift a chair will cause an acute consciousness that not the arms only are brought into action, but also the muscles of the back. These cases show how the motor organs

are so tied together that altered actions of some implicate others quite remote from them.

But without using the advantage which this interpretation of the words would give, let us take as co-operative organs those which are obviously such — the organs of locomotion. What, then, shall we say of the fore and hind limbs of terrestrial mammals, which co-operate closely and perpetually? Do they vary together? If so, how have there been produced such contrasted structures as that of the kangaroo, with its large hind limbs and small fore limbs, and that of the giraffe, in which the hind limbs are small and the fore limbs large — how does it happen that, descending from the same primitive mammal, these creatures have diverged in the proportions of their limbs in opposite directions? Take, again, the articulate animals. Compare one of the lower types, with its rows of almost equal-sized limbs, and one of the higher types, as a crab or a lobster, with limbs some very small and some very large. How came this contrast to arise in the course of evolution, if there was the equality of variation supposed?

But now let us narrow the meaning of the phrase still further; giving it a more favorable interpretation. Instead of considering separate limbs as co-operative, let us consider the component parts of the same limbs as co-operative, and ask what would result from varying together. It would in that case happen that, though the fore and hind limbs of a mammal might become different in their sizes, they would not become different in their structures. If so, how have there arisen the unlikeness between the hind legs of the kangaroo and those of the elephant? Or if this comparison is objected to, because the creatures belong to the widely different divisions of implacental and placental mammals, take the cases of the rabbit and the elephant, both belonging to the last division. On the hypothesis of evolution these are both derived from the same original form, but the proportions of the parts have become so widely unlike that the corresponding joints are

scarcely recognized as such by the unobservant; at what seem corresponding places the legs bend in opposite ways. Equally marked, or more marked, is the parallel fact among the *Articulata*. Take that limb of the lobster which bears the claw and compare it with the corresponding limb in an inferior articulate animal, or the corresponding limb of its near ally, the crayfish, and it becomes obvious that the component segments of the limb have come to bear to one another in the one case proportions immensely different from those they bear in the other case. Undeniably, then, on contemplating the general facts of organic structure, we see that the concomitant variations in the parts of limbs have not been of a kind to produce equal amounts of change in them, but quite the opposite — have been everywhere producing inequalities. Moreover, we are reminded that this production of inequalities among co-operative parts is an essential principle of development. Had it not been so, there could not have been that progress from homogeneity of structure to heterogeneity of structure which constitutes evolution.

We pass now to the second supposition: that the variations in co-operative parts occur irregularly, or in such independent ways that they bear no definite relations to one another — miscellaneously, let us say. This is the supposition which best corresponds with the facts. Glances at the faces around yield conspicuous proofs. Many of the muscles of the face and some of the bones, are distinctively co-operative; and these respectively vary in such ways as to produce in each person a different combination. What we see in the face we have reason to believe holds in the limbs as in all other parts. Indeed, it needs but to compare people whose arms are of the same lengths, and observe how stumpy are the fingers of one and how slender those of another; or it needs but to note the unlikeness of gait of passers-by, implying small unlikenesses of structure; to be convinced that the relations among the variations of co-operative parts are any-

thing but fixed. And now, confining our attention to limbs, let us consider what must happen if, by variations taking place miscellaneously, limbs have to be partially changed from fitness for one function to fitness for another function—have to be re-adapted. That the reader may fully comprehend the argument, he must here have patience while a good many anatomical details are set down.

Let us suppose a species of quadruped of which the members have for long past periods been accustomed to locomotion over a relatively even surface, as, for instance, the prairie-dogs of North America; and let us suppose that increase of numbers has driven part of them into a region full of obstacles to easy locomotion—covered, say, by the decaying stems of fallen trees, such as one sees in portions of primeval forest. Ability to leap must become a useful trait; and, according to the hypothesis we are considering, this ability will be produced by the selection of favorable variations. What are the variations required? A leap is effected chiefly by the bending of the hind limbs so as to make sharp angles at the joints, and then suddenly straightening them; as any one may see on watching a cat leap on to the table. The first required change, then, is increase of the large extensor muscles, by which the hind limbs are straightened. Their increases must be duly proportioned, for if those which straighten one joint become much stronger than those which straighten the other joint, the result must be collapse of the other joint when the muscles are contracted together. But let us make a large admission, and suppose these muscles to vary together; what further muscular change is next required? In a plantigrade mammal the metatarsal bones chiefly bear the reaction of the leap, though the toes may have a share. In a digitigrade mammal, however, the toes form almost exclusively the fulcrum, and if they are to bear the reaction of a higher leap, the flexor muscles which depress and bend them must be proportionately enlarged; if not, the

leap will fail from want of a firm *point d'appui*. Tendons as well as muscles must be modified; and, among others, the many tendons which go to the digits and their phalanges. Stronger muscles and tendons imply greater strains on the joints; and unless these are strengthened, one or other dislocation will be caused by a more powerful spring. Not only the articulations themselves must be so modified as to bear greater stress, but also the numerous ligaments which hold the parts of each in place. Nor can the bodies of the bones remain unstrengthened; for if they have no more than the strengths needed for previous movements they will fail to bear more violent movements. Thus, saying nothing of the required changes in the pelvis as well as in the nerves and blood-vessels, there are, counting bones, muscles, tendons, ligaments, at least fifty different parts in each hind leg which have to be enlarged. Moreover, they have to be enlarged in unlike degrees. The muscles and tendons of the outer toes, for example, need not be added to so much as those of the median toes. Now, throughout their successive stages of growth, all these parts have to be kept fairly well balanced; as any one may infer on remembering sundry of the accidents he has known. Among my own friends I could name one who, when playing lawn tennis, snapped the Achilles tendon; another who, while swinging his children, tore some of the muscular fibres in the calf of his leg; another who, in getting over a fence, tore a ligament of one knee. Such facts, joined with every one's experiences of sprains, show that during the extreme exertions to which limbs are now and then subject, there is a giving way of parts not quite up to the required level of strength. How, then, is this balance to be maintained? Suppose the extensor muscles have all varied appropriately; their variations are useless unless the other co-operative parts have also varied appropriately. Worse than this. Saying nothing of the disadvantage caused by extra weight and cost of nutrition, they will

be causes of mischief—causes of derangement to the rest by contracting with undue force. And then, how long will it take for the rest to be brought into adjustment? As Mr. Darwin says concerning domestic animals: "Any particular variation would generally be lost by crossing, reversion, etc. . . . unless carefully preserved by man." In a state of nature, then, favorable variations of these muscles would disappear again long before one or a few of the co-operative parts could be appropriately varied, much more before all of them could.

With this insurmountable difficulty goes a difficulty still more insurmountable—if the expression may be allowed. It is not a question of increased sizes of parts only, but of altered shapes of parts, too. A glance at the skeletons of mammals shows how unlike are the forms of the corresponding bones of their limbs; and shows that they have been severally remoulded in each species to the different requirements entailed by its different habits. The change from the structures of hind limbs fitted only for walking and trotting to hind limbs fitted also for leaping, implies, therefore, that along with strengthenings of bones there must go alterations in their forms. Now the spontaneous alterations of form which may take place in any bone are countless. How long, then, will it be before there takes place that particular alteration which will make the bone fitter for its new action? And what is the probability that the many required changes of shape, as well as of size, in bones will each of them be effected before all the others are lost again? If the probabilities against success are incalculable, when we take account only of changes in the sizes of parts, what shall we say of their incalculableness when differences of form also are taken into account?

"Surely this piling up of difficulties has gone far enough;" the reader will be inclined to say. By no means. There is a difficulty immeasurably transcending those named. We have thus far omitted the second half of the leap,

and the provisions to be made for it. After ascent of the animal's body comes descent; and the greater the force with which it is projected up, the greater is the force with which it comes down. Hence, if the supposed creature has undergone such changes in the hind limbs as will enable them to propel it to a greater height, without having undergone any changes in the fore limbs, the result will be that on its descent the fore limbs will give way, and it will come down on its nose. The fore limbs, then, have to be changed simultaneously with the hind. How changed? Contrast the markedly bent hind limbs of a cat with its almost straight fore limbs, or contrast the silence of the upward spring on to the table with the thud which the fore paws make as it jumps off the table. See how unlike the actions of the hind and fore limbs are, and how unlike their structures. In what way, then, is the required co-adaptation to be effected? Even were it a question of relative sizes only, there would be no answer; for facts already given show that we may not assume simultaneous increases of size to take place in the hind and fore limbs; and, indeed, a glance at the various human races, which differ considerably in the ratios of their legs to their arms, shows us this. But it is not simply a question of sizes. To bear the increased shock of descent the fore limbs must be changed throughout in their structures. Like those in the hind limbs, the changes must be of many parts in many proportions; and they must be both in sizes and in shapes. More than this. The scapular arch and its attached muscles must also be strengthened and remoulded. See, then, the total requirements. We must suppose that by natural selection of miscellaneous variations, the parts of the hind limbs shall be co-adapted to one another, in sizes, shapes, and ratios; that those of the fore limbs shall undergo co-adaptations similar in their complexity, but dissimilar in their kinds; and that the two sets of co-adaptations shall be effected *pari passu*. If, as may be held, the

probabilities are millions to one against the first set of changes being achieved, then it may be held that the probabilities are billions to one against the second being simultaneously achieved, in progressive adjustment to the first.

There remains only to notice the third conceivable mode of adjustment. It may be imagined that though, by the natural selection of miscellaneous variations, these adjustments cannot be effected, they may nevertheless be made to take place appropriately. How made? To suppose them so made is to suppose that the prescribed end is somewhere recognized; and that the changes are step by step simultaneously proportioned for achieving it—is to suppose a designed production of these changes. In such case, then, we have to fall back in part upon the primitive hypothesis; and if we do this in part, we may as well do it wholly—may as well avowedly return to the doctrine of special creations.

What, then, is the only defensible interpretation? If such modifications of structure produced by modifications of function as we see take place in each individual, are in any measure transmissible to descendants, then all these co-adaptations, from the simplest up to the most complex, are accounted for. In some cases this inheritance of acquired characters suffices by itself to explain the facts; and in other cases it suffices when taken in combination with the selection of favorable variations. An example of the first class is furnished by the change just considered; and an example of the second class is furnished by the case before named of development in a deer's horns. If, by some extra massiveness spontaneously arising, or by formation of an additional "point," an advantage is gained either for attack or defence, then, if the increased muscularity and strengthened structure of the neck and thorax, which wielding of these somewhat heavier horns produces, are in a greater or less degree inherited, and in several successive generations, are by this process brought up to the required extra strength, it becomes possible and ad-

vantageous for a further increase of the horns to take place, and a further increase in the apparatus for wielding them, and so on continuously. By such processes only, in which each part gains strength in proportion to function, can co-operative parts be kept in adjustment, and be readjusted to meet new requirements. Close contemplation of the facts impresses me more strongly than ever with the two alternatives—either there has been inheritance of acquired characters, or there has been no evolution.

This very pronounced opinion will be met on the part of some by a no less pronounced demurrer, which involves a denial of possibility. It has been of late asserted, and by many believed, that inheritance of acquired characters cannot occur. Weismann, they say, has shown that there is early established in the evolution of each organism, such a distinctness between those component units which carry on the individual life and those which are devoted to maintenance of the species, that changes in the one cannot affect the other. We will look closely into his doctrine.

Basing his argument on the principle of the physiological division of labor, and assuming that the primary division of labor is that between such part of an organism as carries on individual life and such part as is reserved for the production of other lives, Weismann, starting with "the first multicellular organism," says that, "Hence the single group would come to be divided into two groups of cells, which may be called somatic and reproductive—the cells of the body as opposed to those which are concerned with reproduction" (*Essays upon Heredity*, p. 27).

Though he admits that this differentiation "was not at first absolute, and indeed is not always so to-day," yet he holds that the differentiation eventually becomes absolute in the sense that the somatic cells, or those which compose the body at large, come to have only a limited power of cell-division, instead of an unlimited power which the repro-

ductive cells have ; and also in the sense that eventually there ceases to be any communication between the two, further than that implied by the supplying of nutriment to the reproductive cells by the somatic cells. The outcome of this argument is that, in the absence of communication, changes induced in the somatic cells, constituting the individual, cannot influence the natures of the reproductive cells, and cannot therefore be transmitted to posterity. Such is the theory. Now let us look at a few facts—some familiar, some unfamiliar.

His investigations led Pasteur to the positive conclusion that the silkworm diseases are inherited. The transmission from parent to offspring resulted, not through any contamination of the surface of the egg by the body of the parent while being deposited, but resulted from infection of the egg itself—intrusion of the parasitic organism. Generalized observations concerning the disease called *pébrine* enabled him to decide by inspection of the eggs which were infected and which were not : certain modifications of form distinguishing the diseased ones. More than this, the infection was proved by microscopical examination of the contents of the egg ; in proof of which he quotes as follows from Dr. Carlo Vitadini :—

Il résulte de mes recherches sur les graines, à l'époque où commence le développement du germe, que les corpuscules, une fois apparus dans l'œuf, augmentent graduellement en nombre, à mesure que l'embryon se développe ; que, dans les derniers jours de l'incubation, l'œuf en est plein, au point de faire croire que la majeure partie des granules du jaune se sont transformés en corpuscules.

Une autre observation importante est que l'embryon aussi est souillé de corpuscules, et à un degré tel qu'on peut soupçonner que l'infection du jaune tire son origine du germe lui-même ; en d'autres termes que le germe est primordialement infecté, et porte en lui-même ces corpuscules tout comme les vers adultes, frappés du même mal.¹

¹ Les Maladies des Vers à soie, par L. Pasteur, i. 39.

Thus, then, the substance of the egg, and even its innermost vital part, is permeable by a parasite sufficiently large to be microscopically visible. It is also of course permeable by the invisible molecules of protein, out of which its living tissues are formed, and by absorption of which they subsequently grow. But, according to Weismann, it is not permeable by those invisible units of protoplasm out of which the vitally active tissues of the parent are constituted ; units composed, as we must assume, of variously arranged molecules of protein. So that the big thing may pass, and the little thing may pass, but the intermediate thing may not pass !

A fact of kindred nature, unhappily more familiar, may be next brought in evidence. It concerns the transmission of a disease not unfrequent among those of unregulated lives. The highest authority concerning this disease, in its inherited form, is Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson ; and the following are extracts from a letter I have received from him, and which I publish with his assent.

I do not think that there can be any reasonable doubt that a very large majority of those who suffer from inherited syphilis take the taint from the male parent. . . . It is the rule when a man marries who has no remaining local lesion, but in whom the taint is not eradicated, for his wife to remain apparently well, whilst her child may suffer. No doubt the child infects its mother's blood, but this does not usually evoke any obvious symptoms of syphilis. . . . I am sure I have seen hundreds of syphilitic infants whose mothers had not, so far as I could ascertain, ever displayed a single symptom.

See, then, to what we are committed if we accept Weismann's hypothesis. We must conclude that, whereas the reproductive cell may be effectually invaded by an abnormal living element in the parental organism, those normal living elements which constitute the vital protoplasm of the parental organism, cannot invade it. Or if it be admitted that both intrude, then the implication is that, whereas the abnor-

mal element can so modify the development as to cause changes of structure (as of the teeth), the normal element can cause no changes of structure!¹

We pass now to evidence not much known in the world at large, but widely known in the biological world, though known in so incomplete a manner as to be undervalued in it. Indeed, when I name it probably many will vent a mental pooh-pooh. The fact to which I refer is one of which record is preserved in the museum of the College of Surgeons, in the shape of paintings of a foal borne by a mare not quite thoroughbred, to a sire which was thoroughbred—a foal which bears the markings of the quagga. The history of this remarkable foal is given by the Earl of Morton, F.R.S., in a letter to the president of the Royal Society (read November 23, 1820). In it he states that wishing to domesticate the quagga, and having obtained a male, but not a female, he made an experiment.

I tried to breed from the male quagga and a young chestnut mare of seven-eighths Arabian blood, and which had never been bred from; the result was the production of a female hybrid, now five years old, and bearing, both in her form and in her color, very decided indications of her mixed origin. I subsequently parted with the seven-eighths Arabian mare to Sir Gore Ouseley, who has bred from her by a very fine black

Arabian horse. I yesterday morning examined the produce, namely, a two-year-old filly and a year-old colt. They have the character of the Arabian breed as decidedly as can be expected, where fifteen-sixteenths of the blood are Arabian; and they are fine specimens of that breed; but both in their color and in the hair of their manes, they have a striking resemblance to the quagga. Their color is bay, marked more or less like the quagga in a darker tint. Both are distinguished by the dark line along the ridge of the back, the dark stripes across the fore hand, and the dark bars across the back part of the legs.²

Lord Morton then names sundry further correspondences. Dr. Wollaston, at that time president of the Royal Society, who had seen the animals, testified to the correctness of his description, and, as shown by his remarks, entertained no doubt about the alleged facts. But good reason for doubt may be assigned. There naturally arises the question: How does it happen that parallel results are not observed in other cases? If in any progeny certain traits not belonging to the sire, but belonging to a sire of preceding progeny, are re-produced, how is it that such anomalously inherited traits are not observed in domestic animals, and indeed in mankind? How is it that the children of a widow by a second husband do not bear traceable resemblances of the first husband? To these questions nothing like satisfactory replies seem forthcoming; and, in the absence of replies, scepticism, if not disbelief, may be held reasonable.

There is an explanation, however. Forty years ago I made acquaintance with a fact which impressed me by its significant implications; and has, for this reason I suppose, remained in my memory. It is set forth in the "*Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*," vol. xiv. (1853), pp. 214 *et seq.*, and concerns certain results of crossing English and French breeds of sheep. The writer of the translated paper, M. Malingié-Nowel, director of the Agricultural School of La Charmoise, states that

¹ Curiously enough, Weismann refers to, and recognizes, syphilitic infection of the reproductive cells. Dealing with Brown-Séquard's cases of inherited epilepsy (concerning which, let me say, that I do not commit myself to any derived conclusions), he says: "In the case of epilepsy, at any rate, it is easy to imagine [many of Weismann's arguments are based on things 'it is easy to imagine'] that the passage of some specific organism through the reproductive cells may take place, as in the case of syphilis" (p. 82). Here is a sample of his reasoning. It is well known that epilepsy is frequently caused by some peripheral irritation (even by the lodging of a small foreign body under the skin), and that, among peripheral irritations causing it, imperfect healing is one. Yet though, in Brown-Séquard's cases, a peripheral irritation caused in the parent by local injury was the apparent origin, Weismann chooses gratuitously to assume that the progeny were infected by "some specific organism," which produced the epilepsy! And then, though the epileptic virus, like the syphilitic virus, makes itself at home in the egg, the parental protoplasm is not admitted!

² Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society for the Year 1821. Part I., pp. 20-24.

when the French breeds of sheep (in which were included "the mongrel Merinos") were crossed with an English breed, "the lambs present the following results. Most of them resemble the mother more than the father; some show no trace of the father." Joining the admission respecting the mongrels with the facts subsequently stated, it is tolerably clear that the cases in which the lambs bore no traces of the father were cases in which the mother was of pure breed. Speaking of the results of these crossings in the second generation, "having seventy-five per cent. of English blood," M. Nouel says: "The lambs thrive, wear a beautiful appearance, and complete the joy of the breeder. . . . No sooner are the lambs weaned than their strength, their vigor, and their beauty begin to decay. . . . At last the constitution gives way . . . he remains stunted for life;" the constitution being thus proved unstable or unadapted to the requirements. How, then, did M. Nouel succeed in obtaining a desirable combination of a fine English breed with the relatively poor French breeds?

He took an animal from "flocks originally sprung from a mixture of the two distinct races that are established in these two provinces" [Berry and La Sologne], and these he "united with animals of another mixed breed . . . which blended the Tourangelle and native Merino blood of" La Beauce and Touraine, and obtained a mixture of all four races "without decided character, without fixity . . . but possessing the advantage of being used to our climate and management."

Putting one of these "mixed-blood ewes to a pure New-Kent ram . . . one obtains a lamb containing fifty-hundredths of the purest and most ancient English blood, with twelve and a half hundredths of four different French races, which are individually lost in the preponderance of English blood, and disappear almost entirely, leaving the improving type in the ascendant. . . . All the lambs produced strikingly resembled each other, and even Englishmen took them for animals of their own country."

M. Nouel goes on to remark that when

this derived breed was bred with itself, the marks of the French breeds were lost. "Some slight traces could be detected by experts, but these soon disappeared."

Thus we get proof that relatively pure constitutions predominate in progeny over much mixed constitutions. The reason is not difficult to see. Every organism tends to become adapted to its conditions of life; and all the structures of a species, accustomed through multitudinous generations to the climate, food, and various influences of its locality, are moulded into harmonious co-operation favorable to life in that locality; the result being that in the development of each young individual, the tendencies conspire to produce the fit organization. It is otherwise when the species is removed to a habitat of different character, or when it is of mixed breed. In the one case its organs, partially out of harmony with the requirements of its new life, become partially out of harmony with one another; since, while one influence, say of climate, is but little changed, another influence, say of food, is much changed; and, consequently, the perturbed relations of the organs interfere with their original stable equilibrium. Still more in the other case is there a disturbance of equilibrium. In a mongrel the constitution derived from each source repeats itself as far as possible. Hence a conflict of tendencies to evolve two structures more or less unlike. The tendencies do not harmoniously conspire; but produce partially incongruous sets of organs. And evidently where the breed is one in which there are united the traits of various lines of ancestry, there results an organization so full of small incongruities of structure and action, that it has a much-diminished power of maintaining its balance; and while it cannot withstand so well adverse influences, it cannot so well hold its own in the offspring. Concerning parents of pure and mixed breeds respectively, severally tending to reproduce their own structures in progeny, we may therefore say, figuratively, that the house divided against

itself cannot withstand the house of which the members are in concord.

Now if this is shown to be the case with breeds the purest of which have been adapted to their habitats and modes of life during some few hundred years only, what shall we say when the question is of a breed which has had a constant mode of life in the same locality for ten thousand years or more, like the quagga? In this the stability of constitution must be such as no domestic animal can approach. Relatively stable as may have been the constitutions of Lord Morton's horses, as compared with the constitutions of ordinary horses, yet, since Arab horses, even in their native country, have probably in the course of successive conquests and migrations of tribes become more or less mixed, and since they have been subject to the conditions of domestic life, differing much from the conditions of their original wild life, and since the English breed has undergone the perturbing effects of change from the climate and food of the East to the climate and food of the West, the organizations of the horse and mare in question could have had nothing like that perfect balance produced in the quagga by a hundred centuries of harmonious co-operation. Hence the result. And hence at the same time the interpretation of the fact that analogous phenomena are not perceived among domestic animals, or among ourselves; since both have relatively mixed, and generally extremely mixed, constitutions, which, as we see in ourselves, have been made generation after generation, not by the formation of a mean between two parents, but by the jumbling of traits of the one with traits of the other, until there exist no such conspiring tendencies among the parts as cause repetition of combined details of structure in posterity.

Expectation that scepticism might be felt respecting this alleged anomaly presented by the quagga-marked foal, had led me to think over the matter; and I had reached this interpretation before sending to the College of Surgeons Museum (being unable to go

myself) to obtain the particulars and refer to the records. When there was brought to me a copy of the account as set forth in the "Philosophical Transactions," it was joined with the information that there existed an appended account of pigs, in which a parallel fact had been observed. To my immediate inquiry: "Was the male a wild pig?" there came the reply: "I did not observe." Of course I forthwith obtained the volume, and there found what I expected. It was contained in a paper communicated by Dr. Wollaston from Daniel Giles, Esq., concerning his "sow and her produce," which said that

she was one of a well-known black and white breed of Mr. Western, the Member for Essex. About ten years since I put her to a boar of the wild breed, and of a deep chestnut color, which I had just received from Hatfield House, and which was soon afterwards drowned by accident. The pigs produced (which were her first litter) partook in appearance of both boar and sow, but in some the chestnut color of the boar strongly prevailed.

The sow was afterwards put to a boar of Mr. Western's breed (the wild boar having been long dead). The produce was a litter of pigs, some of which, we observed with much surprise, to be stained and clearly marked with the chestnut color which had prevailed in the former litter.

Mr. Giles adds that in a second litter of pigs, the father of which was of Mr. Western's breed, he and his bailiff believe there was a recurrence, in some, of the chestnut color, but admits that their "recollection is much less perfect than I wish it to be." He also adds that, in the course of many years' experience, he had never known the least appearance of a chestnut color in Mr. Western's breed.

What are the probabilities that these two anomalous results should have arisen, under these exceptional conditions, as a matter of chance? Evidently the probabilities against such a coincidence are enormous. The testimony is in both cases so good that, even apart from the coincidence, it would be unreasonable to reject it; but the coincidence makes acceptance of

it imperative. There is mutual verification, at the same time that there is a joint interpretation yielded of the strange phenomenon, and of its non-occurrence under ordinary circumstances.

And now, in the presence of these facts, what are we to say? Simply that they are fatal to Weismann's hypothesis. They show that there is none of the alleged independence of the reproductive cells; but that the two sets of cells are in close communion. They prove that while the reproductive cells multiply and arrange themselves during the evolution of the embryo, some of their germ-plasm passes into the mass of somatic cells constituting the parental body, and becomes a permanent component of it. Further, they necessitate the inference that this introduced germ-plasm, everywhere diffused, is some of it included in the reproductive cells subsequently formed. And if we thus get a demonstration that the somewhat different units of a foreign germ-plasm permeating the organism, permeate also the subsequently formed reproductive cells, and affect the structures of the individuals arising from them, the implication is that the like happens with those native units which have been made somewhat different by modified functions; there must be a tendency to inheritance of acquired characters.

One more step only has to be taken. It remains to ask what is the flaw in the assumption with which Weismann's theory sets out. If, as we see, the conclusions drawn from it do not correspond to the facts, then, either the reasoning is invalid, or the original postulate is untrue. Leaving aside all questions concerning the reasoning, it will suffice here to show the untruth of the postulate. Had his work been written during the early years of the cell-doctrine, the supposition that the multiplying cells of which the Metazoa and the Metaphyta are composed, become completely separate, could not have been met by a reasonable scepticism; but now, not only is scepticism justifiable, but denial is called for. Some dozen years ago it was discovered

that in many cases vegetal cells are connected with one another by threads of protoplasm—threads which unite the internal protoplasm of one cell with the internal protoplasm of cells around. It is as though the pseudopodia of imprisoned rhizopods were fused with the pseudopodia of adjacent imprisoned rhizopods. We cannot reasonably suppose that the continuous network of protoplasm thus constituted has been produced after the cells have become adult. These protoplasmic connections must have survived the process of fission. The implication is that the cells forming the embryo-plant retained their protoplasmic connections while they multiplied, and that such connections continued throughout all subsequent multiplications—an implication which has, I believe, been established by researches upon germinating palm seeds. But now we come to a verifying series of facts which the cell-structures of animals in their early stages present. In his "Monograph of the Development of *Peripatus Capensis*," Mr. Adam Sedgwick, F.R.S., reader in animal morphology at Cambridge, writes as follows:—

All the cells of the ovum, ectodermal as well as entodermal, are connected together by a fine protoplasmic reticulum (p. 41).

The continuity of the various cells of the segmenting ovum is primary, and not secondary; i.e., in the cleavage the segments do not completely separate from one another. But are we justified in speaking of cells at all in this case? *The fully segmented ovum is a syncytium, and there are not and have not been at any stage cell limits* (p. 41).

It is becoming more and more clear every day that the cells composing the tissues of animals are not isolated units, but that they are connected with one another. I need only refer to the connection known to exist between connective-tissue cells, cartilage cells, epithelial cells, etc. And not only may the cells of one tissue be continuous with each other, but they may also be continuous with the cells of other tissues (pp. 47-8).

Finally, if the protoplasm of the body is primarily a syncytium, and the ovum until maturity a part of that syncytium, the separation of the generative products does not differ essentially from the internal gemma-

tion of a Protozoon, and the inheritance by the offspring of peculiarities first appearing in the parent, though not explained, is rendered less mysterious; for the protoplasm of the whole body being continuous, change in the molecular constitution of any part of it would naturally be expected to spread, in time, through the whole mass (p. 49).

Mr. Sedgwick's subsequent investigations confirm these conclusions. In a letter of December 27, 1892, passages, which he allows me to publish, run as follows:—

All the embryological studies that I have made since that to which you refer confirm me more and more in the view that the connections between the cells of adults are not secondary connections, but primary, dating from the time when the embryo was a unicellular structure. . . . My own investigations on this subject have been confined to the Arthropoda, Elasmobranchii, and Aves. I have thoroughly examined the development of at least one kind of each of these groups, and I have never been able to detect a stage in which the cells were not continuous with each other; and I have studied innumerable stages from the beginning of cleavage onwards.

So that the alleged independence of the reproductive cells does not exist. The *soma*—to use Weismann's name for the aggregate of cells forming the body—is, in the words of Mr. Sedgwick, "a continuous mass of vacuolated protoplasm;" and the reproductive cells are nothing more than portions of it separated some little time before they are required to perform their functions.

Thus the theory of Weismann is doubly disproved. Inductively we are shown that there *does* take place that communication of characters from the somatic cells to the reproductive cells, which he says cannot take place; and deductively we are shown that this communication is a natural sequence of connections between the two which he ignores; his various conclusions are deduced from a postulate which is untrue.

From the title of this essay, and from much of its contents, nine readers out of ten will infer that it is directed

against the views of Mr. Darwin. They will be astonished on being told that, contrariwise, it is directed against the views of those who, in a considerable measure, dissent from Mr. Darwin. For the inheritance of acquired characters, which it is now the fashion in the biological world to deny, was, by Mr. Darwin, fully recognized and often insisted on. Such of the foregoing arguments as touch Mr. Darwin's views, simply imply that the cause of evolution which at first he thought unimportant, but the importance of which he increasingly perceived as he grew older, is more important than he admitted even at the last. The neo-Darwinists, however, do not admit this cause at all.

Let it not be supposed that this explanation implies any disapproval of the dissentients, considered as such. Seeing how little regard for authority I have myself usually shown, it would be absurd in me to reflect in any degree upon those who have rejected certain of Mr. Darwin's teachings, for reasons which they have thought sufficient. But while their independence of thought is to be applauded rather than blamed, it is, I think, to be regretted that they have not guarded themselves against a long-standing bias. It is a common trait of human nature to seek some excuse when found in the wrong. Invaded self-esteem sets up a defence, and anything is made to serve. Thus it happened that when geologists and biologists, previously holding that all kinds of organisms arose by special creations, surrendered to the battery opened upon them by "The Origin of Species," they sought to minimize their irrationality by pointing to irrationality on the other side. "Well, at any rate, Lamarck was in the wrong." "It is clear that we were right in rejecting his doctrine." And so, by duly emphasizing the fact that he overlooked "natural selection" as the chief cause, and by showing how erroneous were some of his interpretations, they succeeded in mitigating the sense of their own error. It is true their creed was that at successive periods in the earth's

history, old Floras and Faunas had been abolished and others introduced; just as though, to use Professor Huxley's figure, the table had been now and again kicked over and a new pack of cards brought out. And it is true that Lamarck, while he rejected this absurd creed, assigned for the facts reasons some of which are absurd. But in consequence of the feeling described, his defensible belief was forgotten and only his indefensible ones remembered. This one-sided estimate has become traditional; so that there is now often shown a subdued contempt for those who suppose that there can be any truth in the conclusions of a man whose general conception was partly sense, at a time when the general conceptions of his contemporaries were wholly nonsense. Hence results unfair treatment — hence result the different dealings with the views of Lamarck and of Weismann.

"Where are the facts proving the inheritance of acquired characters?" ask those who deny it. Well, in the first place, there might be asked the counter-question: Where are the facts which disprove it? Surely if not only the general structures of organisms, but also many of the modifications arising in them, are inheritable, the natural implication is that all modifications are inheritable; and if any say that the inheritableness is limited to those arising in a certain way, the *onus* lies on them of proving that those otherwise arising are not inheritable. Leaving this counter-question aside, however, it will suffice if we ask another counter-question. It is asserted that the dwindling of organs from disuse is due to the successive survivals in posterity of individuals in which the organs had varied in the direction of decrease. Where now are the facts supporting this assertion? Not one has been assigned or can be assigned. Not a single case can be named in which *panmixia* is a proved cause of diminution. Even had the deductive argument for *panmixia* been as valid as we have found it to be invalid, there would still have been required, in pursuance of scientific

method, some verifying inductive evidence. Yet though not a shred of such evidence has been given, the doctrine is accepted with acclamation, and adopted as part of current biological theory. Articles are written and letters published in which it is assumed that this mere speculation, justified by not a tittle of proof, displaces large conclusions previously drawn. And then, passing into the outer world, this unsupported belief affects opinion there too; so that we have recently had a right honorable lecturer who, taking for granted its truth, represents the inheritance of acquired characters as an exploded hypothesis, and thereupon proceeds to give revised views of human affairs.

Finally, there comes the reply that there *are* facts proving the inheritance of acquired characters. All those assigned by Mr. Darwin, together with others such, remain outstanding when we find that the interpretation by *panmixia* is untenable. Indeed, even had that hypothesis been tenable, it would have been inapplicable to these cases; since in domestic animals, artificially fed and often overfed, the supposed advantage from economy cannot be shown to tell; and since, in these cases, individuals are not naturally selected during the struggle for life in which certain traits are advantageous, but are artificially selected by man without regard to such traits. Should it be urged that the assigned facts are not numerous, it may be replied that there are no persons whose occupations and amusements incidentally bring out such facts; and that they are probably as numerous as those which would have been available for Mr. Darwin's hypothesis, had there been no breeders and fanciers and gardeners who, in pursuit of their profits and hobbies, furnished him with evidence. It may be added that the required facts are not likely to be numerous, if biologists refuse to seek for them.

See, then, how the case stands. Natural selection, or survival of the fittest, is almost exclusively operative throughout the vegetal world and throughout

the lower animal world, characterized by relative passivity. But with the ascent to higher types of animals, its effects are in increasing degrees involved with those produced by inheritance of acquired characters; until, in animals of complex structures, inheritance of acquired characters becomes an important, if not the chief, cause of evolution. We have seen that natural selection cannot work any changes in organisms save such as conduce in considerable degrees, directly or indirectly, to the multiplication of the stirp; whence failure to account for various changes ascribed to it. And we have seen that it yields no explanation of the co-adaptation of co-operative parts, even when the co-operation is relatively simple, and still less when it is complex. On the other hand, we see that if, along with the transmission of generic and specific structures, there tend to be transmitted modifications arising in a certain way, there is a strong *a priori* probability that there tend to be transmitted modifications arising in all ways. We have a number of facts confirming this inference, and showing that acquired characters are inherited — as large a number as can be expected, considering the difficulty of observing them and the absence of search. And then to these facts may be added the facts with which this essay set out, concerning the distribution of tactual discriminativeness. While we saw that these are inexplicable by survival of the fittest, we saw that they are clearly explicable as resulting from the inheritance of acquired characters. And here let it be added that this conclusion is conspicuously warranted by one of the methods of inductive logic, known as the method of concomitant variations. For throughout the whole series of gradations in perceptive power, we saw that the amount of the effect is proportionate to the amount of the alleged cause.

From Temple Bar.

RAIN CLOUDS.¹

A HONEYMOON EPISODE.

BY W. R. WALKES.

"What though the heaven be lowering now,
And look with a contracted brow?
We shall discover, by and by,
A repurgation of the sky;
And when those clouds away are driven,
Then will appear a cheerful heaven."

HERRICK.

CHARACTERS.

DICK (*Who has recently married Gwendolen*).GWENDOLEN (*Recently married to Dick*).

SCENE: *Sitting-room in the village inn at Cairngrossan, in the Highlands. The room is furnished with the frugal simplicity characteristic of such houses of entertainment. On the walls are a few dingy prints, a decayed stuffed salmon in a glass case, and a small bookcase composed of three boards held together by cords, and containing a few dilapidated volumes.*

(GWENDOLEN is discovered seated at a table; she takes up a book, glances at it hurriedly, throws it down, looks at her watch, then rises and paces up and down). Oh dear! Oh dear! What can have become of him? Ten o'clock! and he went out at half past nine! I'm certain something has happened. The path up the glen will be awfully slippery from the rain, and the darling is so bold and reckless — and if his foot should have slipped! Oh! — (*covering her face with her hands*) I can't bear to think of it! — he'd roll right down that nasty, sloping wood, and bruise his beautiful head — or something against a horrid tree — or something. Suppose he should now be lying on his back, stunned and speechless, calling in vain upon his Gwenny! I can't bear it any longer! No matter what the weather, I must fly to him at once. (*Rushes towards door, then stops suddenly.*) Stop! What's that? I do believe — yes — here he is at last!

DICK (*Enters*).GWEN. (*Flies to him*). My darling!DICK (*Embraces her*). My pet!¹ The right of public representation is reserved.

GWEN. You are quite, quite safe ?

DICK. Quite !

GWEN. (*With a sigh of relief*). Thank heaven !

DICK (*Dryly*). Yes. I managed to walk to the top of the glen and back without danger to life or limb.

GWEN. What a brave, clever darling ! But I was getting so frightened.

DICK. Frightened, my precious ?

GWEN. Yes. Do you know how long you have been away ? A whole half-hour.

DICK. Not more than that ? It seemed an eternity.

GWEN. (*Embraces him fondly*). My dearest !

DICK. My sweetest !

GWEN. Hubby will never leave little wifey so long again, will he ?

DICK. Never !

GWEN. Not while life shall last ? Promise !

DICK. I swea — but stop —

GWEN. (*Draws away*). You hesitate ?

DICK. I was only thinking, my love, that when our honeymoon is over and we return home — to our home — I shall have to go to Chambers occasionally.

GWEN. Chambers ! Oh !

DICK. But look here ! — I'll tell you what I'll do — telegraph every morning that I've arrived safely, and always come home to lunch.

GWEN. No, no ! (*sadly*). You are growing tired of my society. I am no longer all in all to you.

DICK. But, my dear Gwenny, you forget. When a barrister forsakes his briefs, the briefs very soon forsake the barrister.

GWEN. Briefs, indeed ! You never had one !

DICK. But I may some day : so I must go to the Temple now and then.

GWEN. Then let me go with you — do ! I will sit quite quietly and hold your hand while you work. And if you ever had to make a speech to a judge in court, I'm sure you'd do it much better if I were by your side, squeezing your hand, and looking lovingly into your eyes.

DICK. But, my darling, the court might object.

GWEN. (*Indignantly*). Object ? Do you mean to tell me that any judge in the land would dare to separate two loving hearts !

DICK. Rather ! There's one that dares to do it all day long.

GWEN. Who is he ?

DICK. The president of the Divorce Court.

GWEN. Oh, Dick ! How can you joke on such a serious subject ?

DICK (*Gloomily*). Joke ! I ! In weather like this ? I feel about as full of jokes as a comic paper. (*Walks to window.*) Jove ! how it is coming down !

GWEN. But you haven't told me. What does it look like outside — from the top of the glen ?

DICK. Worse than ever.

GWEN. (*Dismayed*). Worse ?

DICK. Yes, the same old watering-pot downpour.

GWEN. And it's been like this for three whole days.

DICK. Three whole days ! (*moodily*).

GWEN. And there is no sign of change !

DICK. Not one. Every time I tap that beastly old barometer it laughs in my face — and drops an inch.

GWEN. (*Cheerfully*). Well, never mind, darling. Let's treat the weather with the contempt it deserves. For my part, so long as I have got my Dick, I can laugh at the rain.

DICK. And so can I. For all the sunlight I require is the brightness that sparkles in my Gwenny's eyes.

GWEN. Oh Dick !

DICK. Oh Gwenny ! (*They embrace.*)

GWEN. And now, what shall we do to pass the morning ?

DICK. Well, I suppose we can't have breakfast all over again ?

GWEN. Of course not, you greedy boy.

DICK (*Looks at watch*). And it's four mortal hours till lunch.

GWEN. But we are forgetting. There's the post to look forward to — three days' letters. Come now, let's guess who they'll be from !

DICK (*Gloomily*). We may guess, but we shall never know.

GWEN. Why not?

DICK. Because, as the Highland Railway is flooded for miles, our correspondence is probably reposing at the bottom of the Tay, dissolving into pulp, and disagreeing with the salmon.

GWEN. Oh Dick! not really? Our letters all lost! It's positively awful! Dick, I can't bear it any longer. Let us pack up at once and go home.

DICK. Go home! How can we, when the railway's impassable?

GWEN. But is there no other way?

DICK. None, except through the air, and the village shop is out of balloons.

GWEN. (*Pacing up and down*). Oh, why did we ever come to this horrid place? If we had only gone to Paris—dear, delightful Paris!

DICK. That, my darling, was my suggestion. 'Twas you who insisted upon Scotland.

GWEN. But you had no business to give in to me.

DICK. Not when you declared that if I didn't consent to a honeymoon in the Highlands you'd throw me over?

GWEN. Nonsense! It was your duty, as my future husband, to have compelled me to defer to your superior judgment.

DICK. And risk losing you altogether?

GWEN. Not a bit of it! As if any girl would have put off her marriage when her wedding-frock was ready—fitting like a glove and looking a dream.

(*Severely*.) Really, Dick! such weakness on your part makes me tremble for our future.

DICK (*Nettled*). You needn't tremble, that'll be all right; for I'll take the hint and act differently in the future.

GWEN. What do you mean?

DICK. That, as you seem to wish it, I'll always put my foot down—hard.

GWEN. What! You tell me deliberately that you intend to bully me? Only three weeks married and it has come to this! (*Whimpers*.) Oh, mamma! mamma!

DICK (*With a show of alarm*). Oh, I say, Gwenny, leave mamma alone for the present. She's happy enough at

Harrogate, washing away the gout and wearing out the bath chairs.

GWEN. Not so far away, sir, but that my cry of sorrow could reach her. One word from me, and no matter what the weather, she'd fly to me at once.

DICK (*To himself*). Fly? Yes, she might manage it that way, and when she was tired of flying, she could swim. (*To Gwendolen*.) But there, my love, don't get upset! I didn't mean to be unkind.

GWEN. (*Weeping*). And you won't really bul-bully poor little Gwenny?

DICK. Bully my little peach-blossom! If I ever caught myself doing such a thing, I'd knock myself down. So let's kiss and make it up. (*Kisses her lightly and walks to window*.)

GWEN. (*Pouting*). What a cold, distant kiss!

DICK (*Impatiently*). Cold! Nonsense! All your fancy! Perhaps it was the damp—it gets into everything.

GWEN. That's the second time to-day you've joked on a serious subject. (*Sadly*.) But there, I expected it. I knew you were getting tired of me. I noticed it last night at dinner.

DICK. At dinner! What do you mean?

GWEN. (*Half-whimpering*). You never kissed me between the courses as you used to do, and for the first time we drank out of separate glasses; and although you held my hand through soup and fish, you dropped it at the joint.

DICK. Because I wanted to use my knife.

GWEN. A poor excuse! If you cared for me as once you did, love would have found out a way.

DICK. I doubt it; love may be all-powerful—rule the world and so forth—but it can't cut up tough mutton. But come, come, Gwenny, I'm awfully sorry, I am really; and look here! I tell you what I'll do to make up for it (*places his arm round her waist*); we'll sit like this all through lunch, and we'll have only one plate and one fork and one piece of bread between us.

GWEN. (*Claps her hands with joy*). Oh, how nice! And I'll feed you and

you shall feed me. Won't it be delightful!

DICK. Yes; but lunch is a long way off yet. (*Looks at watch.*) If we'd only got something to read; but, hang it all, there isn't a book in the place except these miserable specimens (*takes up each book in turn*); a back number of the *Bicycle News* and "Foxe's Book of Martyrs."

GWEN. Horrid things! I've looked at them—and such pictures! Nothing but pneumatic tyres and burning Christians.

DICK. Oh, Gwen, what can we do to pass the time?

GWEN. Dick! I've an idea!

DICK. You have? What a treasure it is! Well?

GWEN. We'll sit—ah—close together, and you shall tell me how much you love me.

DICK. (*Aghast*). For three hours and three-quarters?

GWEN. Yes, such a nice long time! and we'll begin again directly after lunch.

DICK. But I did nothing else all day yesterday and the day before.

GWEN. Oh, but Dick, you used to tell me that your heart was so full it would take years to unload it.

DICK. So it would, of course; I was only afraid I might bore you.

GWEN. Bore me? I could listen forever. (*Smothering a yawn.*)

DICK. And you won't go to sleep, as you did yesterday, just as I am coming to the tender passages?

GWEN. Oh, Dick, of course not.

DICK. (*Despondently*). Very well then, come along—we'll make a start.

GWEN. I'll sit here (*sits on a footstool, L.*), and you get a chair and sit close by me.

DICK. (*Goes up to get a chair, and glances out of the window*). Look at the rain! I'll be hanged if I know where all the water comes from—and what irritates me so is that the natives seem to revel in it. Look at that Highland chieftain chap walking away! he must be wet through to the skin—and yet he's whistling—positively whistling "Ye Banks and Braes," or some

such ridiculous air—happy beggar! (*Glances again.*) Why, it's old Macfarlane—the apology for a postman. Then, by Jove, Gwenny, our letters must have come!

GWEN. (*Jumps up*). Letters! And they're not lost after all! Thank goodness! Oh, Dick, run and get them—quick!

DICK. Rather! (*Runs out of the room quickly.*)

GWEN. Oh, I'm so glad they've come, for we were certainly getting a little tiffy; but now with plenty of letters we shall be as happy as possible, and will snap our fingers at the weather.

DICK. (*Appears at the door with a pile of letters in his hands, and speaks to some one outside*). Thank you, Mrs. Fraser! Only Monday's letters, eh? Well, they're better than nothing, aren't they, Gwenny?

GWEN. I should think so indeed.

DICK. (*Sorting letters*).

GWEN. (*Impatiently*). Come—quick, dear! Give me mine!

DICK. (*Hands letters to Gwen and moves away with his own; without noticing it, he drops a letter on the floor*). Now, look here, Gwenny, we must be very economical—read slowly, and make them last as long as possible.

GWEN. Yes, dear (*she has moved away with letters, and stands deep in thought for a moment; then returns to Dick*). Oh, Dick dear, I'm afraid I've been nasty and cross this morning; it was all the horrid weather—and—and having nothing to do.

DICK. Of course, my love.

GWEN. But we're all right now, aren't we? (*showing letters*) and we'll never quarrel again, will we? Never!

DICK. Never, never again! (*They embrace, and then sit down to examine letters.*)

GWEN. Oh, such a lovely lot! Let me see! From Mary, dear old Mary! Such a good girl, Mary! It will be full of advice—duties of a married woman—responsibilities of life—I know. Mary shall wait. Kitty's writing! Ah, this will be fun; lots of gossip and scandal—and such a fat one, too. I'll

keep it till last. From mamma ! Dear mamma ! It will be all about symptoms and doctors. I don't think I ought to read it yet ; I must wait until I feel more sympathetic.

DICK. Mine are a poor lot — scarcely anything but circulars. What can a man in a Highland inn want with Oriental screens and best Wallsend coal ? (*Tears up circulars.*)

GWEN. Oh, here's one from George (*opens it*). What can he be writing about ? You remember Cousin George, don't you, Dick ?

DICK. What, that bounder — I mean George Bailey ? Oh, yes, I remember him. And do you mean to say that he has had the impertinence to write to you ?

GWEN. Impertinence ? What do you mean ? Isn't he my cousin ? But, of course, I forgot ; you were always jealous of George, weren't you ?

DICK. I jealous ? My dear Gwendolen what a preposterous idea !

GWEN. Now don't tell fibs. Don't you remember how angry you were at the Joplings's dance when I gave him a waltz I had promised to you ?

DICK. That was solely on your account.

GWEN. Mine ?

DICK. Yes, he's such a shocking bad dancer — romps round the room like an animated idol.

GWEN. Possibly ; (*pointedly*) clever men seldom waltz well.

DICK. Clever ! Why, he was ploughed three times for "Mods," and left Oxford without taking his degree.

GWEN. That was because his health was bad.

DICK. Yes, too many brandies and sodas.

GWEN. He was led astray, poor fellow ! Open-hearted, genial men often drink more than is good for them.

DICK. But not at other people's expense.

GWEN. How can you say such a thing ! He is the most generous of men. See what charming presents he used to give me !

DICK. (*Savagely*). Oh, did he ? Well, I hope he paid for them.

GWEN. Of course he did. George is the very soul of honor, you can see it in his face.

DICK. I beg your pardon ; I never saw anything there but red hair and pimples.

GWEN. Well, I don't care what you say, I'm very fond of him.

DICK (*Rather savagely*). Oh, are you ?

GWEN. And as he's my cousin it's your duty to like him too.

DICK (*Ironically*). Oh, very well then, I'll recant at once. I think George Bailey a charming, delightful fellow ; dances divinely, and is as sober as a judge ; has the complexion of a Venus, and the learning of a Bacon. Only this I will say, that if I had to choose between his friendship and that of a cannibal, I'd take my chance of being fricasseed.

GWEN. (*Who has been reading her letter with interest, and has only heard the last sentence*). Fricasseed ? No, darling, Mrs. Fraser couldn't manage it, so I said we'd have it cold for lunch.

DICK (*Annoyed*). Oh !

GWEN. (*Reading letter with great interest*). No ; how very strange — just fancy that — what a curious coincidence ! Oh, Dick, whatever do you think ?

DICK (*Who has been fidgeting*). Think ! That if you have any information to impart, I should prefer not to receive it in interjections.

GWEN. (*Still reading, and not noticing his remark*). It's really most extraordinary !

DICK. Oh, is it ? Well, that's all right !

GWEN. And in such dreadful weather, too.

DICK. Yes, that must be a drawback.

GWEN. And he loathes wet weather.

DICK. Sensible man, whoever he is !

GWEN. But I shall be very glad to see him.

DICK. Will you ? And who may "he" be ?

GWEN. Why, Cousin George.

DICK. George Bailey !

GWEN. Yes. (*Looks up*). Oh, of course, I haven't told you. He is on

his way to Scotland — here — and he's going to look us up in passing.

DICK. What!

GWEN. Won't it be pleasant?

DICK. Pleasant! Look here, Gwendolen, I have no desire to appear unfriendly to any of your highly respectable family, but if George Bailey enters this house, I leave it.

GWEN. Really, Dick, such jealousy is quite unreasonable. I never cared for him a bit in that way.

DICK. I am not so sure of it. At any rate, he was awfully gone on you — in his stupid, asinine way.

GWEN. Nonsense, he cared for me only as a cousin. Why, if it comes to that, I might just as well be annoyed about that horrid Mrs. Desborough, whom everybody thought once you were going to marry. You know you were fond of her.

DICK. Nothing of the kind. Fanny Desborough is a dear, sweet creature, and I have the honor to regard myself as her intimate friend.

GWEN. An honor shared by many of your sex, and very few of mine.

DICK. Of course the women are jealous of her wit and beauty.

GWEN. (*Contemptuously*). Wit! Beauty! The one she borrows from the *Sporting Times*, and the other she buys in Bond Street.

DICK. (*Gravely*). And you can say such a thing as that of my friend? Gwendolen — you — you shock me.

GWEN. No worse than what you said about mine.

DICK. I only spoke the plain unvarnished truth.

GWEN. So do I.

DICK. I *know* that George Bailey is over head and ears in debt.

GWEN. And I *know* that Fanny Desborough dyes her hair.

DICK. Not a bit of it.

GWEN. Of course you know. Is the lock you carry about brown or golden — or a little bit of both, like the hair-wash advertisements?

DICK. My dear Gwendolen, you are talking nonsense.

GWEN. Not at all. You were madly in love with her.

DICK. Then why didn't I marry her?

GWEN. She wouldn't have you, I suppose. But no, that couldn't have been the reason. She'd marry anybody — and jump at the chance; she's a cruel, heartless flirt. See how she treated poor George Bailey!

DICK. Pooh! He only proposed to her out of pique, because you wouldn't have him.

GWEN. Nonsense!

DICK. Well, she didn't jump at him.

GWEN. No, because she hoped to catch you.

DICK. Nothing of the sort. Besides, I have always regarded her as a sister.

GWEN. Sister indeed! More like a mother, I should say; she's old enough. But there, you can't deceive me (*catches sight of letter on the ground*). What's this! (*picks it up*). Why, it's Fanny Desborough's handwriting! So, sir, you actually correspond with that woman under my very nose. You love her still; I knew it! — and — (*bursts into tears*); oh, mamma! mamma! Take me home, take me home!

DICK. (*Softening*). Oh, I say, Gwenny, don't take on like this! How can I convince you that —

GWEN. (*Suddenly*). Will you tell me at once the contents of that letter?

DICK. Of course I will. (*Opens the letter and glances through it*). By Jove! What a surprise! Now this is remarkable!

GWEN. (*Impatiently*). Oh, don't go on in that irritating way, but tell me at once.

DICK. (*Not noticing her*). I call it quite a coincidence.

GWEN. (*Angrily*). What is? What is?

DICK. She's going for a driving tour in the Highlands with some one — can't make out the name — and will pass near Cairngrossan. She's got our address from the mater, and is going to look us up.

GWEN. (*Astounded*). Mrs. Desborough here?

DICK. Yes, won't it be jolly! She's so bright and amusing, you know. How she will wake us up!

GWEN. (*Solemnly*). She will never wake me up.

DICK. What do you mean?

GWEN. That if you insist upon receiving that woman here, I am determined (*moves to window*), directly the weather clears, to go away forever, and—and (*bursts into tears*) drown myself.

DICK (*Alarmed*). Drown yourself? Oh, my darling! (*Then as if suddenly struck with an idea*). Ah! now I understand, now I see through your subterfuge. Drown yourself? Not a bit of it! You are going to Bailey, of course he's near at hand—you know where. Great heavens! only three weeks married and it's come to this! But don't go out—don't get your feet wet! await his coming here, for by that time I shall have gone—forever.

GWEN. Gone? Where?

DICK (*Wildly*). Anywhere! Central Africa, South America—any place where I can kill something—legally.

GWEN. (*Alarmed*). Oh, but Dick, you're such a bad shot. You'll get killed yourself.

DICK. And a good thing too, for then I shall at least make one living creature happy.

GWEN. Mrs. Desborough, I suppose?

DICK. No; some healthy, hungry lion with a large appetite. So farewell forever (*glances out of the window*)—that is, as soon as this beastly rain stops.

GWEN. (*Weeping*). Oh, Dick! (*Re-covers herself*) I mean, please yourself, sir—you can't deceive me. I know your object, and all I say is that if you wish to go to your Mrs. Desborough, go! (*Short pause*.)

DICK. And so it has come to this already! And the bond between us that not an hour ago seemed strong as steel is to be shattered asunder by a simple change in the weather; and the first bit of blue sky that appears parts us forever; (*glances out of window*) and, by Jove! there it is, as big as a lady's lace handkerchief.

GWEN. Really! (*looks out*). Yes, the rain has stopped at last.

DICK. So now, I suppose, we must say—good-bye?

GWEN. Oh, Dick, how can you?

DICK (*With a burst*). I can't, there—and what's more, I won't!

GWEN. (*Lovingly*). Nor I.

DICK. Oh, Gwenny!

GWEN. Oh, Dick! (*They embrace*).

DICK. That blue sky has saved us.

GWEN. Yes; for it was all the horrid rain.

DICK. Of course, for we love each other as much as ever.

GWEN. More.

DICK. But how about George?

GWEN. Oh, bother George, I hate him. If he comes I won't see him—even if he's wet through. I'll lend him an umbrella, and send him about his business.

DICK. My darling! And as for Fanny Desborough—whom I am now learning to loathe—if she calls we'll not be at home—say we've gone to a picnic, and won't be back for a week; so put on your wraps and we'll clear out at once.

GWEN. Very well, dear. (*Goes up stage to door*.)

DICK (*Glances out of window*). Hul-lo! Here's old Macfarlane again! Must have brought to-day's letters!

GWEN. Get them at once, dear; (*DICK goes out*) and we'll take them with us.

DICK (*Re-enters with letters*). Here you are! (*Gives letters*.) Why, here's another from Fanny!

GWEN. And another from George! (*Both read*.)

DICK. By Jove!

GWEN. Good gracious!

DICK. Fanny is actually married to George after all.

GWEN. And George has positively married Fanny.

DICK (*Reads*). "Quiet wedding—kept it dark—no fuss—gave you a hint." Oh, Gwenny! how I have wronged you!

GWEN. Oh, Dick! forgive my shameful suspicion! (*Embrace*.) Then they're coming here on their honeymoon.

DICK. Of course.

GWEN. Oh, I'm so glad, aren't you?

DICK. Awfully.

GWEN. Won't it be fun ?

DICK. Rather ! What a rare good time we shall have !

GWEN. (*Reads*). "Expect to be with you at half past ten."

DICK. Then they'll be here immediately.

GWEN. (*Dances up to window*). How exciting ! And look, Dick, the sun is actually shining at last.

DICK (*Who has come to window*). And see, there's a mail phaeton turning the corner !

GWEN. And they're in it !

DICK. By Jove ! so they are !

BOTH. How are you ? How are you ? (*Waving handkerchiefs*.)

DICK. Come along, Gwen ! Let's run down and welcome them. (*They move to door*.) Good old George !

GWEN. Dear Fanny ! Oh, Dick ! the rain clouds have cleared away just in time.

CURTAIN.

From The Nineteenth Century.

JEWISH WIT AND HUMOR.¹

RENAN, the great scholar whose loss the world of culture and learning still deplores, makes a somewhat startling remark in his "Histoire des Langues Sémitiques" (i. 9, 11). He observes : "Les peuples sémitiques manquent presque complètement de curiosité et de la faculté de rire." And, strange to say, Carlyle makes a somewhat similar observation, for he denies to the Jewish race the possession of humor. Mr. Froude (*Carlyle's Life in London*, ii. 480) quotes a conversation, in the course of which Carlyle remarks that the Jews have shown no trace of humor at any period of their history.

Now there is an ancient Talmudic adage to this effect : "If one person tells thee that thou hast asses' ears, do not mind it ; but if two persons make this assertion, at once place a pack-saddle upon thy back." It might, indeed, be imagined that, if two such

eminent authorities agree in denying to the Hebrew race the faculty of laughter and the power of evoking laughter, there must be some basis for the imputation. But I think that I shall have no difficulty in proving that this charge is unfounded. It is quite true that several of the nations of antiquity were singularly lacking in their perception of the ludicrous. The facetious element was not very strong in the Egyptians ; no laughter lurks in the wondering eyes and broad, calm lips of their statues. Nor can the Assyrians have had any genius for the comic ; the large, round eyes, the nose prominent and curved, the frames thick-set and strong, mark them out as belonging to a type which is not witty, but essentially fierce and warlike.

With the Hebrews, however, it was otherwise. They, at a comparatively early stage in their history, attained that ripe and strong mental development which the elaboration of wit and the comprehension of humor demand. And there is one leading trait in the annals of the Hebrew race which engendered and stimulated to the highest degree their *vis comica*—the faculty of saying witty and humorous things. Goethe, in his "Torquato Tasso," exclaims with admirable truth and force :

Wir Menschen werden wunderbar geprüft ;
Wir könnten's nicht ertragen, hätt' uns
nicht

Den holden Leichtsinn die Natur verlieh'n.

Ay, the poor Jew has been, and still is to this very day terribly tried. Crushed as he has been to the dust by the iron hand of bigotry, cowed by the soul-chilling venom of contempt and the oppression that "maketh a wise man mad," he could not have survived, had not benign nature mercifully endowed him with extraordinary elasticity, with a wonderful power of resilience which enabled him to elude effectually all the attempts made at every age, and in every clime, to lay him low.

But the genesis of his humor has also affected its nature, and imbued it with its peculiar characteristics. The mirth of the Hebrew does not come to

¹ A lecture delivered at the London Institution, January 5, 1893.

him spontaneously. It is not the result of an over-abundance of animal spirits. It is not an outcome of the mere exuberance of being. I would rather liken it to the weapon with which a beneficent Maker has provided his feeble creatures, whereby they have been enabled to survive in the fierce struggle for existence. He that is unjustly reviled and ignominiously trodden under foot, finds relief either in a flood of tears or in a burst of irony. Hence it is that there is an undercurrent of sadness even in the mirth of the Hebrew. Hence, if I may use a musical metaphor, even the *scherzo* of his song moves in a minor key.

We meet in Hebrew literature, and in the writings of those who were directly or indirectly nurtured in its spirit, with humor, the sympathetic representation of incongruous elements in human nature and life. We encounter wit which seizes on the unexpected, and places it before us in an attractive light. We meet with humor, diffuse, and flowing along, without any other law save its own fantastic will. We discover wit, brief and sudden, and sharply defined as a crystal. We detect wit and humor overlapping and blending with each other—pleasant fancies, quips and cranks, *bons mots*, to which utterance was given, perchance, amid the saddest and the most depressing environments.

I shall, of course, experience considerable and, in some instances, an insurmountable difficulty in conveying these sallies of wit to a general audience. Many of the witticisms, being couched in Hebrew, in German, or in that strange degeneration and uncouth blend of the two languages called *Yiddish*, altogether lose their pungency and flavor when translated into the vernacular. Some of these humorous utterances presuppose a very accurate knowledge of the Bible—ay, even of the labyrinthine intricacies of the Talmud—in order to be fully appreciated. And when once you attempt to explain and to interpret, all the sparkle and effervescence of the witticism are irretrievably lost, and the savor thereof

is like unto that of a bottle of champagne that was uncorked yesternight.

Some of the most devout and attentive readers of the Hebrew Scriptures may, perhaps, have failed to observe that even these pages contain illustrations of humor in its caustic form. And yet the scene on Mount Carmel, with all its sublime accessories, is not devoid of an element of grim jocularity.

The false prophets of Baal have leapt upon the altar, and cried to their idol from morning unto even, "O Baal, hear us!" Then Elijah steps forth, and mockingly exclaims, "Cry ye louder, for he is a god; he is perhaps talking or walking, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked." We have here the main elements of the ludicrous—the degradation of something usually associated with power and dignity. We may, perhaps, compare this episode to a humorous stroke of Molière, who, in one of his plays, introduces the messenger of the gods sitting tired on a cloud, and complaining of the number of Jupiter's errands. The Goddess of Night expresses surprise that a god should be weary, whereupon Mercury indignantly replies, "Are then the gods made of iron?"

Again, what can be more instinct with genuine humor than Isaiah's description of the manufacture of an idol?—

He heweth down a tree; he burneth part thereof in a fire; with part thereof he eateth flesh; he roasteth meat and is satisfied: yea, he warmeth himself, and saith, Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire. And the residue thereof he maketh a god, even his graven image: he falleth down unto it, and worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me; for thou art a god.

Another signal instance of rich humor is that afforded by the incident related in the Book of Esther wherein King Ahasuerus asks, "What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor?" and when Haman thinks in his heart "To whom would the king delight to do honor more than to me?" And it comes to pass, that

all these marks of royal favor are to be bestowed upon none other than his arch-enemy Mordecai. The Midrash—as the Rabbinical commentary, or rather paraphrase of the Biblical narrative, is termed—embellishes the tale with several dramatic touches. It relates that when Haman desires to clothe the royal favorite with the imperial purple, Mordecai objects, and says, "This is unseemly. I am not worthy to have the royal mantle upon my shoulders until I have been duly purified." Haman has no alternative but to prepare a bath for his foe. When Mordecai has been arrayed in the kingly robes, Haman is about to set the diadem upon his head, but Mordecai protests, "Surely I am not worthy to bear the royal crown ere my locks have been dressed in seemly fashion." And his Excellency the grand vizier has to operate as a barber and hairdresser. "Now get thee on horseback," says Haman. "Alack," wails Mordecai, "I am too aged and infirm to mount this high steed unaided." And Haman perforce submits to the last humiliation: he has to bow his proud neck whilst his hated rival steps on his back and mounts the horse in comfort.

Let me quote one other illustration from the same book—the Midrash on Esther.

The preacher was citing the text, "And Haman thought scorn to lay hands on Mordecai alone. He sought to destroy all the Jews throughout the kingdom of Ahasuerus." We may picture to ourselves the speaker's lips curling with ineffable contempt as he proceeds to relate the following fable:

A swallow once built her nest on the shores of the sea. It happened that the day was boisterous, and the waves were lashed into fury by the tempest, so that they burst upon the land and destroyed the little nest. The swallow was wroth, and said, "Wait, ocean, until I punish thee for thy arrogance. I will turn the sea into dry land, and the land into a fountain of waters." And he took some drops of water into his beak and poured them upon the sand. And again he flew to and fro, and picked up some grains of sand and threw them into

the sea, imagining, with conscious pride, that his purpose had now been fully accomplished. His mate looks on in wonderment, and, wiser than her consort, she asks, "Thinkest thou thus to destroy the work of the Almighty Creator?"

The fable reminds us of Sydney Smith's simile about Mrs. Partington trying to keep back the waves of the Atlantic with her mop and pail. "She was excellent at a slop or puddle, but should never have meddled with a tempest." With what native force would the parable impress itself upon the minds of its hearers, as setting forth the impotence of the Hamans of every age to frustrate the purpose of the Almighty in the preservation of his people!

You will recognize it as being in full accord with what I have observed on the subject that the ancient Hebrews, even on the most sorrowful day in their calendar—the fast which commemorates the destruction of their two temples—did not abandon themselves wholly to sorrow and wailing. In the Midrashic commentary on the Book of Lamentations we meet with dainty little strokes of mother-wit which resemble the smiles of a tear-bedewed face. Jeremiah laments the fall of the city "that was full of people, great among the nations, a queen among the provinces." "Not in material power," comments the preacher, "but in vigor of mind and force of intellect;" and he proceeds to recount illustrations of the mode in which the Hebrew excelled in native wit even the far-famed Athenian. He relates the story, that an indweller of the Hellenic capital, walking one day along the streets of Jerusalem, found a broken mortar. Wishing to exhibit his cleverness, he enters a tailor's shop and, addressing himself to the owner, he says, "Master, be so good as to put a patch upon this mortar." "I will gladly do so," responds the Hebrew, "if you will oblige me by weaving a few threads of this material," offering him at the same time a handful of sand.

Nay, even Jewish children are reputed to have been ready matches for the clever men of Athens. "Fetch

me some cheese and eggs," said an Athenian to a little boy. The boy did as he was bidden. "Now, my child," said the stranger, "tell me which of these cheeses was made from the milk of white goats, and which from the milk of black goats." "Thou art older and more experienced than I," replied the shrewd little Hebrew; "tell me first, which of these eggs came from a white, and which from a black hen." The preacher further relates that Rabbi Joshua was once on a journey, when he noticed a short cut across the fields. A child, passing along, said to him, "Do not walk across the fields, you will be trespassing." "But," said Rabbi Joshua, "is not this a public foot-path?" "Ay," rejoined the child, "trodden out by trespassers such as you would be." The sage pursued his way. As he entered the town, he noticed a little maid who was carrying a basket which was carefully covered. "Tell me, my good child," said the rabbin, "what have you in that basket?" "Ay," the child answered, "If my mother had wished that every one should know the contents of that basket she would not have covered it." Is there not a deep truth hidden beneath these simple words? The human mind must not seek to o'erstep the limits which have been set unto it. We would all fain know what the future has in store for us; but the veil which hides coming events from us has been woven by the Hand of Mercy. If the Lord had willed that we should have foreknowledge of the future, he would not have concealed it from us. There follows a goodly string of similar illustrations, which are invested with special interest owing to the fact that they have been incorporated in the "Arabian Nights," transferred thence into the Italian collection of tales entitled "Cento Novelle Antiche," and have thus become part and parcel of European literature.

Whilst engaged in quoting from the Midrash, I may be permitted to cite a brief apologue from the same source which will, I think, vindicate the masters of the Talmud from the charge so

often brought against them that they reduced woman to the same subordinate position which is assigned to her by Oriental nations generally. In one of the many and varied comments on the creation of woman contained in that work, the Emperor Hadrian is introduced as conversing with Rabbi Gamaliel on several religious questions. With the object of casting ridicule upon the Bible, Hadrian exclaims, "Why, your God is represented therein as a thief! He surprised Adam in his sleep, and robbed him of one of his ribs." The rabbi's daughter, who is present, craves permission to reply to the emperor. This is granted her. "But first let me implore thy imperial protection, puissant sire!" she exclaims. "A grave outrage has been perpetrated upon our house." "Who has dared to inflict any harm on the abode of my friend?" asks the sovereign. "Under cover of night an audacious thief broke into our house, took a silver flagon from our chest of plate, and left—a golden one in its stead." "What a welcome thief!" cries Hadrian; "would that such robbers might visit my palace every day!" "And was not the Creator even such a thief as this," archly rejoins the blushing damsel—"who deprived Adam of a rib, and in lieu thereof gave him a loving, lovely bride?"

From the teachers of the Talmud we pass to some of the preachers of later days. For these Maggidim, as they were termed, were the spiritual descendants of the ancient Homilists, even as these had regarded themselves with all humility and deference as the representatives of the olden prophets. Now, these later preachers were of opinion that they were by no means guilty of irreverence or indecorum if they succeeded in raising a smile or even eliciting a laugh in the course of their sermons. They did not see any reason why a preacher who is in earnest, eager to convince his hearers, determined to secure their interest and rivet their attention, should not appeal to all their faculties, not excluding their sense of humor. One of the most fa-

mous of these wandering preachers, whom we may dub the Jewish Abraham a Santa Clara, was Rabbi Jacob, the Maggid of Dubno, a small town in Poland, who flourished at the close of the last century. The Mashalim, or parables, which he was fond of introducing into his pulpit addresses, have become household words in Jewry.

A small circle in Berlin, the members of which were noted for the advanced and almost radical views they entertained on the subject of religious conformity, once invited him to deliver a rousing homily to them. He took up his parable and said:—

An inspector of mines was instructed by his government to examine the condition of his laborers at some distant smelting works. When he arrived he was painfully surprised at seeing the wan and pallid faces of the workmen. On inquiry, he learns from the foreman that they suffered greatly from the effects of their being obliged to fan the fire in the furnace by constantly blowing into it with their mouths. This effort had, naturally, greatly weakened their lungs. "Good heavens!" exclaims the inspector, "have you then never heard of an instrument, the bellows, for blowing air into a furnace?" "No, we have never heard of such a machine," rejoins the foreman. "Well, I will at once direct that efficient bellows be sent out to you." His order is executed. After a few weeks he returns to the works, and expects to find a great improvement in the looks of the poor operatives. To his great surprise and concern, he finds them looking even worse than before. "Have the bellows not arrived?" he asks. "Oh, yes," is the reply; "and we have implicitly obeyed your instructions; but however energetically we may use them, the furnace will no longer work." The inspector hastens to the furnace; he finds the fuel in its place, but all is cold, and dark, and black. "Why, you dotards," he cries, "you have omitted to kindle the fire! Of what possible use can the bellows be, if there be no fire to be fanned into a glow?" Ah, my brethren [continued the preacher], the sermon is the bellows which may hope to be effective, and to stir into enthusiasm the faith which glows within the human heart; but if there be not a spark of religion within you, what will the preacher's most forcible plea avail?

The homely tale exercised a more

powerful effect than many a labored homily.

On another occasion he was addressing a congregation of poor working men and women.

I heard the other day [he said] of a pedlar who was trudging along the dusty highway with a heavy pack slung across his back. A carriage passes along, and the driver good-naturedly invites him to mount the seat beside him. The weary wayfarer gratefully accepts the offer. The driver notices, to his amazement, that the pedlar is still bent beneath the weight of his burden. "My good man, why do you not put down your load while you can?" "Ah, my friend, it is so kind of you to offer me a seat in your carriage; it would not be right if I added the weight of my pack." And do you not act like this foolish pedlar, my brethren, you who carry your cares and frets about with you until they bow you to the ground, refusing to trust in your God, who has made and who bears you. Cast thy burden upon the Lord and he will sustain thee.

Some of these preachers were very apt in the replies they gave to the sceptics of their day. One of this fraternity was asked, "Why need we pray? Is the Deity not omniscient? Does he not know our every thought and desire? Why must we labor painfully to give utterance to our wants?" Thereupon the pastor shrewdly replied, "Why has the watchman been appointed to proclaim each hour in the dead of night? Do the citizens need this information, seeing that they are snugly abed, and have no appointments to keep? It is done as a guarantee to us, so that we may be sure that the watchman is at his post, and has not fallen asleep. Even thus the Lord desires our prayers, not for himself but for our sakes, so that we may prove that in the world's stress and strain we have not forgotten him."

It is, indeed, interesting to note how clever some of these old-world rabbins were at repartee, bookworms and recluses though they were. Ezekiel Landau received his call to Prague while he was still in early manhood. His appointment evoked some jealousy on the part of older aspirants, who had

deemed themselves better fitted for the high appointment. When he took his seat for the first time, at a gathering of the notables, on a raised dais, one of these disappointed rivals observed ironically, "Rabbi, it seems to me that thy chair is somewhat too high for thee." Landau, turning to him, answered with a good-natured smile, "Friend, thou art mistaken; thy table is too low for me."

We have been accustomed to think of the elder Mendelssohn as a subtle metaphysician, perpetually immersed in abstruse philosophic studies, and exclusively engaged in arousing his fellow-religionists from their mental apathy, and in exterminating the brutal prejudices that had so long prevailed against them. But he also took a keen pleasure in social intercourse, and delighted in amiable sallies of wit. The story of his courtship is not without its romantic touches. He loved a fair, blue-eyed maiden, but he was ill-favored and crook-backed—an infirmity that had been increased by bending over the ledger by day and poring over the writings of philosophers by night. The first impulse of the maiden was to reject his suit. Shy and reserved though he was, he one day took courage and engaged in conversation with her. "Do you believe what our sages of old have taught, that marriages are made in heaven?" "Assuredly," replied the pious maiden. "I have heard," Moses Mendelssohn continued, "that in my case something weird and strange came to pass. You know what our ancient masters further teach on this head. At our birth the proclamation goes forth, this man-child shall be united in marriage with such and such a maiden. It was told unto me that when I was born, the name of my future wife was duly proclaimed. And the fiat went forth that she would be afflicted with an unsightly hump. Then my soul wailed forth, "A damsel that is deformed is apt to grow sour and ill-tempered. A damsel must be fair, so that she may be amiable. Beneficent Creator, lay the hump upon me, and suffer this babe to grow up in

beauty, charming all her beholders." When the maiden had heard these words, her eyes beamed with love and admiration. And not many days elapsed ere she became the affianced bride of the happy philosopher.

It is said that Mendelssohn was very fond of sweet things. When eating sugar he lamented that he could not eat it sugared. A companion good-naturedly taunted him with this weakness, saying, "Only fools like sweets." "Ah, friend," rejoined he, "wise men have said this, so that they might keep all the sweets to themselves." He could at times be very severe. One day a young military gentleman rudely accosted him, and asked sneeringly, "What is your stock in trade?" "That which you seem to be sadly lacking in, sir—brains!"

Some illustrations should now be given of the leading Hebrew poets and satirists—of Jehudah Hallevi, the sweetest post-Biblical singer of Israel; of Alcharisi, the author of the "Tachkemoni," touching whom Professor Chenery, the late editor of the *Times*, wrote with such keen insight in his introduction to his edition of the "Machberoth Ithiel;" of Immanuel of Rome, the friend of Dante, whom Dean Milman has too severely stigmatized as the Jewish Aretino, for, compared with that Italian profligate, his muse may be described as well-nigh saintly. But I am confronted with the difficulty that it is impossible to reproduce their subtle and ingenious combinations in a modern language. We must content ourselves with two examples.

A Riddle by Jehudah Hallevi.

It has an eye, and still is blind:
A boon to man and womankind:
It gives us raiment far and wide,
And yet it naked does abide.

The Needle.

Immanuel, in one of the chapters of his "Machberoth," ridicules a certain class of commentators on account of their far-fetched interpretations, that worthy folk "who write on books as men with diamonds write on glass, obscuring light with scratches." A disciple asks his master, "In the Book of

Esther it is written, 'And the Law was given in Shushan.' How can this be? Was the Law not revealed on Mount Sinai?" "Thou art mistaken, my son," replies the shallow-brained teacher; "Shushan does not here signify a town, but the lily. Knowest thou not that the Law was given in the joyous month when the lilies bloom?"

Our difficulties in the way of translation are lessened as we reach more recent times, when Jewish authors commenced to write in the vernacular. In Heine and Börne we probably reach the highest and most perfect evolutions of Hebrew wit and humor. It is true that these two gifted writers outwardly renounced Judaism, but, as the historian Graetz subtly puts it, only like combatants who, by assuming the colors of their enemy's uniform, could all the more easily strike and successfully vanquish him. The rich and varied blossoms of their fruitful minds sprang from Jewish soil, and were only ripened by the sun of European culture. Their love of truth, their devotion to freedom, but especially their wit, were Jewish. The bursts of light with which they illumined Germany, now in all the varied hues of the rainbow, and again in lurid flashes, were all charged with the electricity of their Judaic origin and training. Heine was, beyond question, the more gifted of the two. No echo, but a real voice. A surpassing lyric poet, a master of prose, on whom a large portion of Goethe's mantle had fallen; the successor of Goethe in the most signal phase of his life-work—in the war of the liberation of human thought. His weapons in this warfare were a wondrous command of incisive satire, and a matchless wit that was, alas! Aristophanic in its scurrility—alas! also, Mephistophelian in its audacity and lack of reverence. And thus we behold him, by turns as tender as Sterne, and by turns as savage and cross as Swift.

He called himself one of the first men of the century, representing that he had been born on New Year's day, 1800. He became a convert to Christianity, not from conviction, but because, as

he averred, a certificate of baptism constituted, in those days, the only card of admission to the charmed circle of European culture. Yet he was always proud of having sprung from Judea, which, by a happy epigram, he termed a Protestant Egypt. He made but scant progress in the acquisition of its language.

I could never get on so far in Hebrew as my watch, which had much familiar intercourse with pawnbrokers, and in this way contracted many Jewish habits; for example, it would not go on Saturdays.

But on the annals of his ancestors he dwells with lingering fondness.

Jewish history is beautiful; but latter-day Jews reflect discredit on their sires, who would otherwise be placed far above the Greeks and Romans. I believe that if the Jewish race were extinct, but it were known that a single survivor of that people still existed somewhere, men would journey a hundred leagues to grasp that man's hand. But now we are despised.

Again he says:—

Modern Jewish history is tragic; and yet if one were to write about this tragedy he would be laughed at. That is the most tragic thing of all.

He elected to live in France, "the Gascony of Europe" (as he strikingly dubbed that country), on account of her intense love of freedom.

For an Englishman [as he was fond of saying] loves freedom as he loves his lawfully wedded wife, whom he regards as his safe possession, and does not treat with any special tenderness. A German loves freedom as he does his aged grandmother, for whom he always keeps a snug corner by the fireside, where she discourses fairy-tales to her listening children. But the Frenchman dotes on freedom as he does on his chosen bride. His affection for her glows and flames; he throws himself at her feet with the most exaggerated protestations of endearment; he will fight for her to the death; he will commit a thousand follies for her sake.

Many a shrewd remark of his touching French politics may be cited. The following is not inappropriate to the present crisis in the history of the French Republic:—

In other countries, when a citizen be-

comes dissatisfied with his government he emigrates ; in France he requires the government to emigrate.

With the English nation he had but little sympathy ; he knew too little of them. He terms them

the deities of *ennui*, who rush through every country at post speed in their lacquered carriages, leaving behind them everywhere a grey dust-cloud of sadness.

It is a remarkable circumstance that, even when Heine was prostrated by a terrible malady and lay on his mattress-grave, as he termed it, he still retained his gaiety, and indulged in sportive fancies to the last. When he was asked about the state of his nerves in 1855, the year of the Great Exhibition in Paris, he replied : "My nerves are of that remarkable wretchedness, that I am convinced they would obtain the prize medal for pain and misery at the Exhibition." He read all the medical books which treated of his disease. But he said to a friend, who found him thus engaged : "I do not know what good this reading is to do me, except that it will qualify me to give lectures in Heaven on the ignorance of doctors on earth concerning diseases of the spinal marrow."

It is extremely difficult to make any selection from among the innumerable brilliant sayings that scintillate on his pages. The story is told of an author who sent his manuscript to an eminent critic, with the request that he should be good enough to turn down any page on which he would discover a remark to which he took exception. The author was not over-pleased when he found that all the corners of the pages of his book formed one big dog-ear. Similarly, I might lay all the volumes written by Heine under contribution, but I must limit myself to culling a few smart sayings here and there.

Novels he terms the dessert of literature.

Wise men think out new thoughts, and fools proclaim them.

Every man who marries is like the Doge, who weds the Adriatic : he knows not what he may find therein, treasures, pearls, or—monsters.

His contemporary, Börne, was an equally ardent soldier in the war of the liberation of human thought, and equally zealous in pleading for the civil emancipation of his race, but he did not wield the pen with like mastery. One of his utterances is extremely noteworthy, tracing, as it does, the genesis of that anti-Semitism which still shames Germany. He indicates it in a sentence which, rising from the low level of a pun, ascends to the higher plane of an epigram. He says, "Ihr hasst die Juden nicht weil sie es verdienen, sondern weil sie verdienen," which may be clumsily Englished thus : "Your hatred of the Jews is not because they have earned it, but because they earn." His satire is not uniformly so lucid or so keen as Heine's. Does he write in praise or dispraise of academic training when he says, "The presence of a University makes a country stupid for miles around" ?

During the major portion of this century, the Hungarian Saphir was acknowledged as the leading humorist in Austria. His caustic satire made him excessively distasteful to the petty sovereigns with whom the Germany of those days abounded. Ordered to quit the territory of one of those princelets, he calmly observed : "If his Highness will deign to look out of his palace windows, he will see me crossing the frontier of his dominion." On another occasion the king of Bavaria, who was fond of dabbling in poetry, ordered him to leave the country within twenty-four hours. On being asked whether he could manage to get away in so short a time, he answered, "Oh, certainly. For if my own feet will not carry me with sufficient rapidity, I can always borrow some of the superfluous feet in his Majesty's last volume of poems." An author, jealous of Saphir's fame, taxed him with writing for money. "I do not act thus," he continued, drawing himself up proudly, "I write for fame." "I admit the soft impeachment," rejoined Saphir, "every one writes for that which he most grievously lacks—I lack money, *you* lack fame."

Some of his sayings anent money are as witty as they are true.

Who has money? The rich. That is a misfortune. If only the poor people had money we should see what poor devils those rich people are. It is no art to be rich when you have much money, and it is no merit to be poor when you have none.

What is money? A metal heel under the boots of little people in order to make them appear as tall as others.

An acquaintance once said to him, "Making debts ruins a man." "My experience is different," dryly observed Saphir, "I find that paying debts ruins me." He was asked to give his opinion concerning a certain comedian. "Joking apart," was the shrewd rejoinder, "he is not a bad actor." He was equally severe upon himself. If he was not the exact counterpart of Socrates in his wisdom, he resembled him in the possession of satyr-like features. Many a shaft did he level against his ugliness. He wrote the following stanza beneath the portrait which faces the title-page of the edition of his collected works:—

So ist mein Talent, so mein Gesicht;
Gefallen beide meinem Leser nicht,
So sprech' ich, wie die Jungfrau spricht,
Ach, es war nicht meine Wahl.

I have hitherto limited myself to the adducing of specimens of wit and humor that have been uttered by members of the Hebrew race. A few examples may be cited of instances in which notable Hebrews have stimulated the wit of their Gentile fellow-countrymen. Lovers of art will still remember the enthusiasm with which Abraham Solomon's stirring picture, "Waiting for the Verdict," was greeted. The artist, not being a Royal Academician, had his painting "skied." All the pictures contributed by that august fraternity were as usual hung on the line. Thomas Landseer was in ecstasies as he beheld the thrilling scene depicted on the canvas, and exclaimed: "There is Solomon in all his glory, but not R.A.'d like one of these!"

The *Saturday Review*, shortly after the death of that illustrious philanthropist, Sir Moses Montefiore, published

a very sympathetic and eulogistic review, in which the writer observed: "Such a career cannot be crystallized into an epigram nor summed up in a *bon mot*." On this statement *Punch* felicitously commented, "Yes, it can. '*Bon Mo!*' good Moses." This is worthy to rank with another of *Punch's* happy puns. When Lord Rothschild took his oath as a peer with his head reverently covered, in accordance with Jewish usage, that journal suggested that he should assume the style and title of Lord Hatton.

In conclusion, I propose, without, I hope, falling into anecdotalism, to quote some short anonymous tales or remarks which describe a few of the characteristics of the Israelitish race—some of their foibles, ay, and their misfortunes—in a humorous garb. These witticisms possess all the essentials of true humor, as the jest is, for the most part, though not invariably, turned by the speaker against himself, and the laughter which the raillery evokes is invested with a genial, kindly, and loving character. The authorship of the joke is unknown; the witticism passes from mouth to mouth; in some instances, it has never before been written down. A striking commentary was recently made by a Russian Jew on the judicial corruption which stains his country. He passed the law courts in one of the cities of the empire, and noticed a fine statue placed in front of the building. "Whom does that statue represent?" he inquires of a passer-by. "Why, Justice, of course!" "How sad," exclaims the Jew, heaving a profound sigh, "that justice should be relegated to the outside of the edifice and be altogether excluded from admission within!"

"Death is the best physician," said a witling to his medical attendant, who had been somewhat too assiduous in his professional visits. "Why so?" asked the doctor. "Because he only pays one visit."

A dialogue overheard at the Stock Exchange on a frosty winter's day: "Mr. Moses, what would you advise me to buy to-day?" "Thermometers,

of course ; they are very low at present, and are sure to rise."

A Mr. Goldsmith became a convert to Christianity. He thought it advisable to adopt a name with a more Gentile ring, and dubbed himself Mr. Smith. "What a fool!" exclaimed a member of the congregation on hearing of the change ; "this is the first Jew who has thrown away his gold."

At a festive banquet, representatives of the Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish clergy had been invited, and were engaged in pleasant converse. The rabbi, faithful to the dietary precepts of his religion, partook of only a few of the dishes. An appetizing joint of roast pork was set on the table. The Catholic priest turned to his neighbor, and asked, "When will the time come that I may have the privilege of serving you with a slice of this delicious meat?" "When I have the gratification of assisting at your Reverence's wedding," the rabbi rejoined, with a courteous bow.

I am painfully conscious that I have brought before you but very little original matter. All the instruction and amusement that I have been able to afford you are due to the labors of others. May I justify my action by relating to you the little-known fable of the Bee and the Spider? The bee and the spider were disputing with each other as to the superiority of their respective fabrics. "Ah," said the spider haughtily, "you draw your material from outside ; you cull it from every flower of the field, while I rely exclusively upon my own resources. I spin my threads out of my own body." "Quite true," said the bee, "and you fashion worthless cobwebs, which people are ever anxious to destroy. I produce sweet honeycombs that serve for the perpetual delight and sustenance of man, satisfying his hunger and illuminating his darkness." Will it be arrogant on my part, if I utter the hope that I have not spun cobwebs into your brain, but set before you a small and not unwelcome dish of honey.

HERMANN ADLER, *Chief Rabbi.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TEN DAYS ON AN OIL-RIVER.

ON the morning of the 26th of March, 1889, we got into the long swell which marks proximity to the coast-line in the Bight of Benin, and at about noon sighted a spire, which we were told was part of Bonny Cathedral. Shortly afterwards some corrugated iron roofs became visible ; and as we continued our course, a straight, dark line just showed itself above the waters, and gave us our first view of the land portion of the Niger delta. As I glanced at the captain's chart I wondered how we should ever find our way through the labyrinth of channels into which we were entering—a doubt by no means lessened by a view of the apparently unbroken lines of surf and expanses of mud-colored shallow water which lay between us and the shore. However, after many twistings and turnings, and the guidance of the solitary buoy by which this channel is marked, we finally glided into smooth water, and cast anchor in the Bonny River—a broad estuary, bounded by banks of mud, almost awash at high tide, and far below the level of our eyes as we paced the deck of the *Benguela*. On the left bank were some half-dozen two-storied European buildings, with corrugated iron roofs, behind them a broad expanse of bush, of which the straight outline was here and there broken by a gigantic cotton-tree. As it neared the river's mouth, the bank's few feet of elevation gradually dwindled to nothing, until it merged into the broad, wet, sandy foreshore, which, in its turn, melted into the sea-horizon. There was no sign of native habitations, the town, or rather towns of Bonny being, as we afterwards learnt, situated on creeks a little farther up and down the river. Some fifty yards from the shore was moored an old hulk, connected with the land by a wooden pier.

The right bank of the river, about a mile and a half distant, presented an absolutely flat and unbroken horizon, and, when shortly afterwards we entered the ship's boat to row ashore, disappeared altogether beneath the sky—

line. Up-stream the view, equally flat and unbroken, afforded rather more variety of color. The broad stream stretched away—an unruffled streak of light—till it melted into the haze of the northern horizon; the green foliage and brown, gnarled stems and roots of the unending mangroves stood out sharply on an island in mid-stream a few hundred yards above us; whilst on the left bank, above the factories, mangroves again showed a sheet of less brilliant green, gradually fading in the far distance into the grey of sky and river.

The hulk just mentioned was a remnant of the older style of trading, when merchants sent their own vessels, which, casting anchor in the rivers, were covered with mat awnings and generally made comfortable,—remaining for weeks or months until their original cargo was exhausted and replaced by barrels of palm-oil. Later on they took to leaving one ship permanently on the coast, moored to the shore, dismantled, and turned into a floating house and fortress; for in the good old days of the “Palm-oil Ruffian,” the vocation of merchants on this coast was anything but a peaceful one. Now goods are all sent out by the regular lines of steamers, and the merchants’ representatives live in comfortable houses on the dry land.

Soon a smart gig put out from the shore, and brought on board Captain Boler, one of the oldest English residents on the coast, and Major (now Sir Claud) Macdonald, the British high commissioner for the oil-rivers, who had just arrived from England on a special mission. The former kindly invited us to stay with him while we remained at Bonny; and finding that we were likely to have to wait some days before the arrival of the Nubia, which was to take us to England, we gladly accepted his offer. So packing up our traps, we reluctantly bade farewell to the Benguela, her captain and officers, and accompanied Captain Boler ashore.

His residence was a substantial, two-storied building, of which the ground

floor was entirely devoted to merchandise and coopers’ work-shops, for the repair and manufacture of the casks in which the palm-oil is sent to England. The first and residential floor was reached by a broad wooden staircase outside the house, but under cover of the wide verandah which encircled the whole building. On to this verandah all the rooms gave. At the top of the staircase and facing the river was the dining-room, occupying nearly all the centre of the house; to the right and left of it large, airy bedrooms opened, giving respectively as well on to the northern and southern verandahs; while on the other side were the offices, Captain Boler’s own rooms, and those of his clerks.

In the afternoon Major Macdonald took us to see the cathedral. Soon after starting we came to a narrow tidal channel, and were anxiously debating as to the best means of passing it, when three naked little blackamoors appeared, one of whom, pointing at me, said, “Me carry them man;” and as good as his word, he lifted me on his shoulders and carried me across. Our way to the cathedral lay through Bonny Town, a dirty and intricate collection of huts; some with wattle-and-daub walls and palm-leaf thatched roofs; others of mud-brick and corrugated iron roofs; and some again a mixture of the two styles of architecture, but all out of repair, and as far as I could see, filthily dirty. The chief feature of the place appeared to be the extraordinary number of broken square-face “Holland’s” gin bottles which were strewn about its streets, and which afforded ample evidence of the thirsty temperament of its inhabitants. Gin is one of the most important exports from England to our new protectorate, and so highly appreciated by the natives that they even have a few bottles buried with them when they die; and as I learnt from a wooden image of a god which was given to me, they have promoted it to the dignity of the ancient nectar—the deity in question being represented with a “square-face” bottle in each hand.

Two minutes' walk, however, sufficed for the passage of King Ja-ja's capital, and brought us to the margin of a deep pool surrounded by gigantic cotton-trees, whose heavy shade and buttressed roots would almost have made one imagine one's self in some early English cloister, but for its human occupants, whose behavior and appearance were as far as possible opposed to all ideas of peace and dignity. Here King Ja-ja's female subjects come to draw water for their households: fat, elderly negresses, swathed in two or three parti-colored square dusters; slim, agile young matrons, looking anything but matronly in half a yard of the same material; girls of all ages, from six to sixteen, with no fraction of a duster, but adorned with a single string of cowries pendant from their hips; all carrying huge water-jars on their shoulders (in the case of the children almost as large as themselves), and all laughing and talking and splashing to the utmost of their powers. Accompanying them were the unemployed youths of Bonny (apparently a large proportion of the population), helping the women, as idle young men do all the world over, by causing endless giggles, and rendering the proper business on hand perfectly impossible. I was too far off to hear what was said, and even, had I been nearer, was unacquainted with the Yoruba dialect spoken at Bonny; yet I understood every word that was uttered as well as if I had been watching a similar scene being enacted in an English ball-room, or on the area steps of a London house. The consequences of the Tower of Babel have no doubt been most annoying to serious-minded persons in search of information; but to the truly frivolous they have caused but little practical inconvenience, nor will, until a second and worse Babel inflicts on mankind a confusion of giggles.

Our road lay through thick bush, in which a broad "ride" had been cut, marked by narrow, interlacing tracks, which the bare feet of its users had worn. Half an hour's walk brought us to Archdeacon Crowther's house, a

pleasant dwelling in a well-kept garden facing the river. We were most amiably received by the archdeacon and Mrs. Crowther, who showed us over their beautiful church and well-built schools, the former capable of seating a thousand persons—a number which, I am told, the archdeacon often draws within its walls. The mission buildings are all situated in a clearing in a part of the bush which was formerly sacred to the local god, and from which his votaries, ever anxious to secure a human sacrifice, were in the habit of pouncing out on unsuspecting wayfarers.

Although it is an open question whether the West African negro has yet arrived at a stage which fits him for the reception of our religion and civilization, with their attendant liberties in the matter of gin, gunpowder, and forms of worship, and restrictions as to sexual relationship, there can be no doubt that the world at large can no longer tolerate the cruelties and abominations attendant on his ancestor and devil worship, nor live cheek-by-jowl (as it must nowadays with all seaboard populations) with a people which practises them. Whatever may be thought of the advantages of missionary work among members of more advanced religions, the thanks of the civilized world are certainly due to the missionaries who have at all events stamped out the outward and more objectionable forms of West African superstition. Among these Archdeacon Crowther, and, as I heard on all sides, his father, the Bishop of the Niger, belong to the very highest class; and being themselves natives, have an amount of influence which no white man could hope to attain. Like their American brothers, some of the black parsons are decidedly quaint in their methods of teaching. One who acted as *locum tenens* for the archdeacon some time ago, attracted great crowds every Sunday by his violent anti-white sermons. In one of them he was telling his congregation of God calling the lambs into his fold. "Which did you think God called?" he asked; "the white lambs, or the black? Nay,

my brethren, not the white, but the black. And why?" (Here a solemn pause.) "Because he grows wool."

Many were the stories told us of cannibalism and human sacrifice, the former, I fancy, mostly exaggerated; for, as far as I know, cannibalism has never been practised in this region except as part of a religious ceremony; but the latter is still so openly practised in the districts out of immediate European control, only a few miles from Bonny, that it is certain to have flourished there equally until it was suppressed by force. Only a few weeks before our arrival, for instance, thirty slaves were killed at a place not fifty miles from Bonny, in order that their late master might not be unattended in the land of spirits; while the relations of another deceased chief, also in the immediate neighborhood, had lately buried alive two of his slaves in his grave, and had hung up two more, head downwards, by hooks passed through the sinews of their heels; in which position they remained until the flesh rotted away, and the poor wretches, still alive, fell into a pit full of spikes, on which they were impaled.

Among the rites formerly practised at Bonny, the most horrible, I think, was the monthly sacrifice of a virgin to the shark-god. At the first low water of every springtide a victim was led out to the water's edge, there bound to a stake and left until her agony was ended by the slowly rising tide, or the sharper but more quickly striking fangs of the hungry sharks.

Horrible as this religion is, it has the advantage of putting enormous power into the hands of the rulers, and thus enabling them to maintain a degree of order which our milder methods fail to effect. Men who had travelled in the interior told me that, in point of honesty, the civilized compared most unfavorably with the uncivilized parts. One traveller in a hitherto unvisited region, having lost his gold watch and chain, wished to offer £30 reward for its recovery; but the chief of the village would not hear of such a proceeding, saying that it would disgrace him

forever were it known that a stranger had been obliged to buy back his own property in his territory; and issuing a proclamation, the watch was soon found and returned to its owner.

Judging from the experiences of Archdeacon and Mrs. Crowther, the inhabitants of the Kroo coast, who, from their frequent employment on board European ships, have become fairly civilized, do not share these fine scruples. While they were returning from a trip to Sierra Leone they were shipwrecked off Cape Palmas; and in spite of the fact that they were personally well known to many of the natives, the latter had no compunction in robbing them of everything they possessed. Mrs. Crowther, being a very plucky woman, felt so indignant that she took off her wedding-ring and threw it into the sea rather than let the natives have it.

In justice to the Kroo boys, however, I must say that they treat the stranger no worse than their own friends and relations. After one of them has been working up and down the coast for months or years, and has collected a nice little "pile," and a fashionable outfit, consisting of a tall hat, a red cotton umbrella, and the tunic of a Guards drummer-boy, he begins to yearn for his native village; so balancing himself (or otherwise) in a keelless "dug-out" of fifteen inches beam, he bids farewell to civilization, and charging the surf, lands with a bump on his native shore. Immediately following him is a gigantic roller, and in the excitement of the moment it is many chances to one that the welcoming crowd forget to drag the canoe out of the way with sufficient rapidity, and that she (bottom uppermost), the tall hat, the umbrella, and the tunic, are all gaily dancing in the surf. A score of strong arms are soon beating the water to their rescue, which is speedily effected, without much advantage to the rightful owner, but to the great joy of the lucky swimmers who secure the prizes. Then after toiling all these months away from home, the welcome wanderer cannot be allowed to burden

himself with all those heavy bags that hang from his waist, and many willing hands are stretched out to relieve him of his load, with the result that he re-enters his home much in the condition in which Job entered and expected to leave this world; nor does he again have the pleasure of handling an umbrella or a gin-bottle until a fresh arrival from the ships of Christendom affords him also the opportunity of assisting at the home-coming of some one else.

On our return home Major Macdonald had at once to start for Opobo, where he was due to attend a "palaver" on the following morning. As no steam-launch was at hand, he had to travel in a native canoe, winding his way through the intricate network of channels which intersect the Niger delta in every direction, most of them wholly unexplored, and many even utterly unknown. It is strange to think that within a short distance of Bonny, constantly frequented as it is by English men-of-war, there should be miles of water-way less known and more un-mapped than the distant upper reaches of the Niger or the Zambesi.

Next morning I was awakened early by the loud beating of tom-toms, so lifting up my mosquito-curtain and peeping through the blinds, I spied a procession of long war-canoes advancing down the river laden with barrels of palm-oil, and each containing a king and some fifty of his subjects, who, by the peculiar manner in which they handled their long-pointed paddles, showed to the initiated to which particular monarch they had the honor of owing allegiance. These paddle-strokes are some of them curiously fantastic and intricate, and must add enormously to the labor of propulsion, and, I should imagine, are only reserved for state occasions; they are, however, as distinctive as the tartan of a Highland clan, the camel-marks of the Sudanese, or the tattooing of a South Sea islander.

This, it appeared, was the day of the week on which the neighboring kings — who have taken upon themselves the lucrative post of middle-man —

come down to exchange the palm-oil collected from up-river markets for European goods. Later in the day I had the honor of being presented to all their sable majesties, some of whom rejoiced in such un-royal and un-African names as Black Face, Green Head, Dublin Green, Charles Holliday, and John Brown; the only exceptions to this rule being Oritchie and Oko Jumbo. They were mostly pleasant, fairly intelligent-looking men, with good white teeth, which they continually showed, and the regular Christy Minstrel laugh. One or two of them had been to England, and wore European clothes. These seemed there to have lost a good deal of the simplicity which lends a charm to the untravelled and uneducated West African without having gained very much instead. One of the kings quite won my heart by a little bit of flattery on my artistic powers, about which I myself was not particularly confident. Looking over my shoulder as I was sketching a lovely palm-tree, the resting-place of a troop of white doves, which stood just under the verandah, he remarked, pointing at the sketch, "Them all same like tree."

On my asking Captain Boler for information as to the class of goods for which the palm-oil was exchanged, he suggested I should come and inspect them myself. We accordingly descended to the store. Such a curious collection! Knives, hatchets, bales of cloth, looking-glasses, straw hats, blue-and-white-striped jerseys, beads, and knick-knacks of all kinds; among which were some very fine pieces of coral, much used by the wealthier natives as an ornament. Captain Boler showed me one piece, about an inch square, which he said was worth £70. Some time ago the experiment was tried of sending out some imitation coral, which, however, had no success. The first chief to whom it was offered, after looking at one of the strings of beads, put it to his lips, and uttering a contemptuous "Tcha!" (Pooh!) handed it back and went off, accompanied by all the others. They are also most particular about the composition of some

coins known as *manillas*—in shape like a thick, plain bangle with thickened, turned-up ends, which gives them the appearance of a capital C; to please them, these coins must, when hit, give out a certain ring, which they alone can accurately recognize. The choice of cotton prints for this market is also a matter that requires great care on the part of the exporter. Often whole cargoes of stuffs are found to be almost unsalable, and have to be got rid of for what they will fetch. In many parts cotton stuffs are not accepted unless they are printed on both sides; the ordinary prints, plain on one side, or, as the natives express it, "Them no have two face," being looked down upon as worthless.

In the midst of Captain Boler's motley collection I noticed some rolls of fine red damask, and on inquiring by whom that was purchased, I was told there was a great demand for it among the kings, who used it for the purpose of winding-sheets. The same ideas as to a future state, which causes slaves to be sacrificed at their master's death, leads to the interment with the corpse of all such necessities and luxuries as would ensure his comfort and dignity in the land of spirits. As it is the custom to bury a man beneath the floor of his own house—which, in the case of the head of the family, is then abandoned—it is probable that the tumble-down and unpromising-looking old shanties of Bonny Town will yield some rich treasures, should its inhabitants ever become sufficiently advanced to feel the need of drains.

One afternoon Captain Boler took us to Ju-ju Town to pay Black Face a visit. It was a three-mile row, mostly through narrow channels between islands densely covered with mangroves, whose dark-green foliage, perched on the top of a framework of earthless roots, presents a strange and unnatural appearance even by day; and in the twilight, magnified and rendered indistinct by the rising mist, these tangled roots look like bunches of some writhing reptiles pendant from the dark walls

that hem in the narrow stream on either side.

A wonderful stillness pervades these West African creeks. Except for the gentle ripple of the water among the mangroves, hardly a sound was to be heard; and the only sign of life was afforded by an occasional crane, which, startled by the sound of our oars, reluctantly abandoned his fishing and flew heavily away; and by the families of little red crabs collected on the snaky-looking roots, that edged into the water as a splash from the oars warned them of our proximity.

Turning a sharp corner, and passing under an archway of overhanging branches, so low that we had to duck our heads, we found ourselves in a small, shady creek, bright with the reflection of the glorious vegetation that lined its banks. Just in front of us was a high palisade of stout poles, above which peeped the palm-thatched roofs of the village. Stopping at an opening, we were received by Black Face, John Brown, and Green Head, who helped us out of our boat, and led us into the hut of the first-named king. It was a curiously civilized abode to find in such a place, and among such savage surroundings; glazed windows, well-painted walls adorned with some fair prints, and mahogany chairs, side-board, and dining-table, the latter covered with siphons, with of course a due proportion of the inevitable "square-face." Having partaken of a mixture of these, and uttered the mystic word "Boo," which is *de rigueur* on such occasions, our hosts offered to show us their war-canoes; so skirting the town, we followed a narrow path and dived into the bush, a tangled mass of lovely flowering creepers and gigantic ferns, over which towered some of the largest cocoa-palms I had ever seen. A short walk brought us to the shed in which the war-canoes were kept—huge, unwieldy-looking things dug out of the trunk of a single tree, about three feet broad and fifty or sixty in length. They present, however, an imposing appearance fully manned, with the fifty pad-

dles simultaneously flashing in the sunlight. Close by was the old *barracon* in which the Portuguese used to store the slaves prior to embarkation, — a long, low, one-storied stone building without windows, a very dismal dungeon in which to spend the last hours on one's native land.

On the margin of the creek close by, half buried in the mud, I saw an odd-shaped earthenware bowl, curiously ornamented with bosses. Being always on the lookout for *curios*, I at once asked if it had been thrown away, and finding that it had, I whispered to Captain Boler to try to secure it for me, which he kindly did; and I triumphantly carried off my trophy, which it turned out had belonged to a neighboring and now disused Ju-ju altar, and was one of the vessels in which the blood of the human sacrifices had been carried — with songs and dances — through the town, to be tasted in turn by the inhabitants. In the town itself we found another altar still standing, and adorned with a collection of curiously carved images, bowls, bits of pottery, and brass rods. These were by way of having been discarded and thrown away by the present chiefs, who are Christians; but from the fact of the altar and all its appurtenances having been left intact, I suspect that, at the best, they have but added our religion to their own. Near this altar was a group of women squatting on the ground, who were singing the wildest of tunes to the accompaniment of tomtoms made of square pieces of wood hollowed out from beneath, and of an even simpler instrument — an ordinary narrow-necked, earthenware jar, from which they produced various deep notes by beating on the mouth with the palms of their hands. These jars varied in height from about three feet down to a few inches, according to the depth of note they were intended to produce. While the women were singing and playing, the men and boys danced — not the war-dance, which is nearly always performed by the males of savage tribes, but rather the class of that of the "Gawazi" women on the Nile, or,

I should imagine, the Nautch girls of India.

On the following afternoon H.M.S. Pheasant, with Major Macdonald on board, arrived from Opobo, which she had been blockading for some weeks in consequence of the behavior of the local kings, who, acting as they do as middle-men, were anxious to prevent all direct communication between the buyer and the producer. With this end in view they had placed booms across the river, and otherwise made themselves thoroughly obstructive; the result being that the crews of two of her Majesty's ships had been obliged to spend most of their nights for some time past in patrolling fever-stricken creeks, with hardly any greater opportunity of excitement than that afforded by the occasional capture of a "dug-out" and her crew of two small boys, and cargo of half-a-dozen long-legged chickens.

We dined on board that night, and heard a great deal about the miseries attending the blockade of West African rivers, and how the damp nights in the swamps and the monotony of the work had played sad havoc with the crew, a very large percentage of whom, and several of the officers, were down with fever. The captain had wished to show us the war-dance of his Kroo boys; but just as they were about to begin the doctor asked him to postpone it, as the chief engineer, who among others was seriously ill with fever, had suddenly taken a turn for the worse, and was in a very critical condition.

Soon after our return to England we were grieved to hear that Captain Johnson himself had succumbed to the effects of this deadly coast.

We had a very pleasant dinner, at the conclusion of which Captain Johnson had again to get under way to proceed to New Calabar, where Major Macdonald was due for another "palaver." We were invited to accompany them, and offered a cabin on board; but the Nubia, which was to take us home, was due the next day, and being afraid of crossing her *en route*, we had reluctantly to decline. As it turned

out, the Pheasant returned from her trip before the arrival of the Nubia, so that we should, after all, have had plenty of time to see this, to us, new bit of country.

Before leaving, the captain gave me the following letter, which he had received the day before from an Opobo chief, and which I reproduce as a good example of "English as she is" writ in the Niger delta :—

SYLVANIA VILLA,
OPOBO FARM, March 26, 1889.

Captain Johnson,
H.M.S. Pheasant.

SIR,—I herewith much pleasure to send you one young Parrot by my boys.

I have tried all my best to send you and old Parrot, but sorry that I cannot succeed. I therefore beg you to receive this young one, and I think please God he will in future become a good bird to play with. I am very sorry indeed of not getting you old bird, who is already speak well. However, if you teach this young one he will surely be a good Bird.—I remain, sir, your most obedient servant,

APPIAFI.

On another day we rowed off to see King Charles Holliday, whose plantation lies on a small creek about two hours up the river. Our route lay through the same sort of scenery as we had passed going to Ju-ju Town, but the creeks were narrower, and much more intricate; and in the utter absence of landmarks, one wondered how any one could find his way about this watery labyrinth.

On arriving at Holliday's landing, we found him awaiting us with a few of his men, and were escorted by him through the village to his compound. Passing through a broad arched gateway, we entered a high-walled enclosure some two hundred yards square, in one corner of which stood a well-built European-looking house giving on to a covered courtyard. Going up a broad flight of wooden steps, we were ushered into the dining-room, a nicely decorated apartment, whose most prominent feature was a large colored photograph of our host, which had been enlarged from an amateur's negative sent to England for the purpose, in which the large

coral bead that he always wore was done full justice to.

After a short time a little slave came in with two dishes—on one a substantial piece of roast meat, on the other palm-oil "chop"—quite the most delicious mixture that I had ever tasted of shrimps stewed in palm-oil, with just a pinch of ground chillies. It was so good that I have often regretted that by the time palm-oil reaches England it has lost its freshness; and although doubtless excellent for the purpose for which it is imported—the manufacture of soap, and the bright-colored but rather unsavory-smelling grease which is applied to railway carriage wheels—it is no longer suitable for culinary purposes.

Everything eatable on this coast is described as "chop;" and judging from our host's answers to various questions of mine on the flora and fauna of his estate, he seemed to divide nature into two great classes. "Them make chop," or "them no good for chop," was the only information I could extract from him on any subject connected with natural history. Being a practical man, the "make-chop" class was greatly in excess of the other, as we noticed when after lunch we made a tour of his scrupulously clean village and well-kept estate, which was chiefly planted with cacao and coffee shrubs.

I had been wondering during our stroll at the remarkable absence of population, and imagined that the people must all be away at the markets or elsewhere, when the mystery was solved by the appearance round the corner of two women carrying water-jars, clad in the scantiest of possible costumes, whom Holliday imperiously waved away the moment he caught sight of them. I asked why he had done so, and he explained that his people, not being dressed in a style to which I was accustomed, he had ordered them all to remain in their huts during my visit. As we were anxious to secure some photographs of native types, this was the last thing we wanted, and the king was accordingly asked to rescind his order.

I also photographed Holliday, with

his six wives and their numerous offspring. As the scene was a good typical example of a West African household, I will try to describe it.

The left third of the picture is occupied by the wall of a two-storied, gabled, wooden house, built of alternately light and dark painted boards, and pierced by casemented windows, with diamond-shaped leaded panes. The eaves, projecting some twelve feet, form a broad verandah, supported by tall wooden uprights, the feet of which rest on a dwarf stone wall, supporting a wooden platform, surrounded by a balustrade, and approached by broad stone steps. At right angles to these steps, and running diagonally across the picture from the entrance door on the first floor to the platform, is an open wooden staircase, of a step-ladder style of architecture. In the background is a long, low shed, its walls hidden by a collection of palm-oil barrels, and surmounted by a corrugated iron roof. On one of the lower steps of the platform stands Holliday himself, scratching his chin; on his head is a Panama straw hat, with the broad brim turned down. A green cord is fastened round his neck, threaded through a large single piece of red coral, which, hanging in the centre of the upper opening of his white linen jacket, takes the place of collar, necktie, and scarf-pin. A red-and-blue check duster, wound round and round the waist beneath the coat, reaches a little below the knees, showing a few inches of bare black leg above the white cotton socks, and black leather laced ankle-boots. Leaning over the balustrade to his right are two of his wives—one fat, and thirty, the other equally fat, but not more than twenty years old, each dressed in a single piece of check duster material passed round the body under the arms, rather higher than a European low dress, but more than making up at the skirt for its superfluity above. Legs and feet are bare, and a checked handkerchief wound tightly round the head completes their attire. On Holliday's right and left, sitting on the stone steps, are two other

wives, dressed like the first pair; while a fifth, swathed in a wrapper of broad blue-and-red stripes, stands slightly in the background. All have little black piccaninnies astride their hips. At the top of the wooden steps, forming the apex of the pyramid, is the hope of the family, the king's eldest son—a cheery boy of twelve, who, dressed in a white linen shirt many sizes too short for him, is preparing to slide down the banisters. In the foreground, seated on a stone outside the platform, the youngest wife, aged eleven, is playing with two little slave girls, probably rather her seniors—one, dressed like the elder women, in a colored check cotton wrapper, the other in the costume of Eve before the fall. She, on the contrary, is arrayed in the smartest of European, low-necked, short-sleeved, frilled frocks, evidently made for a child of six, beneath which her patent-leather shod feet dangled in the air, apparently suspended by half a yard of white cotton pantaloons. In the lower right-hand corner of the picture, marking the extremity of the pyramid's base, is the most important personage of all—a young gentleman of about three summers, who, decked in a scarlet cloth shirt, which has prudently been constructed to allow for the growth of its wearer, is standing in the place and position proper and habitual to him—well to the front, in an attitude of command.

As the day was getting on, and we had another visit to make, we had to bid farewell to our pleasant and hospitable host far sooner than I should have wished. After winding our way among the creeks for half an hour, our boat shot through the usual almost hidden entrance to that on which Dublin Green's village was situated.

The scene was very different from that which presented itself in the Holliday domain—a dirty, badly kept village, looking damp and gloomy beneath the shadow of large, overhanging trees; crowds of men and women with little clothing, and apparently less to do, sprawling in groups near their doorsteps; while naked children of various

ages staggered under the weight of enormous water-jars on their way to and from the river. The appearance of one of these, I must own, at first rather startled me—a perfectly white child of some ten years old, naked as the day she was born. A closer inspection, however, revealed the white hair and pink eyes of an albino, and explained the cause of her appearance.

Like that of Holliday, the house of Dublin Green was surrounded by a walled yard, after passing through which, and ascending some steep steps, we were ushered into a stuffy, untidily kept room, in which the head wife was sitting. She was a fat, dirty, middle-aged woman with a loud laugh, and was apparently much amused at our visit. After drinking some tea we took our departure, and none too soon, for a chilly dampness was rising from the river, and before we were clear of the creeks it was pitch-dark.

On Wednesday, April the 3rd, the Nubia steamed in, and the following day saw us homeward bound, very sorry not to be able to stay any longer under Captain Boler's hospitable roof, from which he had promised us many interesting expeditions. His parting words were, "You must come back again and do the rivers thoroughly;" an invitation which we still hope some day to accept.

ZELIE COLVILLE.

From The Leisure Hour.

SIR RICHARD OWEN, F.R.S., LL.D., K.C.B.

THE long illness and great age of Sir Richard Owen had prepared us for the announcement of his death, on December 18, aged eighty-nine. No name more illustrious in the world's annals appeared in the crowded obituary of the year 1892. Many were the men of science who then passed to the majority, some of them also at a great age, as Sir George Airy, the astronomer royal, and Professor Adams, the joint discoverer with Leverrier of the planet Neptune. The two greatest of the poets of the Victorian age, Whittier and Tennyson, who died near the same

time, claimed wider popularity. But to those who know the history of the century, Richard Owen stands out as the name of most honor and distinction in the domain of science.

A whole generation having come to the front since Owen withdrew from public life, to live in comparative retirement, there are many who have almost forgotten his name and his work. But the chiefs of science, the "men of light and leading," knew and honored the grand old man. When his death came, there was an instant and spontaneous desire that his dust should be laid in Westminster Abbey. Happily for the dean—who knew less about Owen than about Tennyson or Browning, and who had expressed his unwillingness to receive any more dead bodies into the crowded soil within the walls—it was announced that, by his own desire, the patriarch of science was to be laid in Ham Church by the side of his wife, who was there buried.

The quaint and picturesque cottage in Richmond Park, Sheen Lodge, where he resided during the last forty years of his life, was assigned to him by the queen after the Exhibition of 1851, of which he was one of the commissioners, and to the success of which he largely contributed. The intention was to give another larger mansion, but at the moment there was a question as to whether the property belonged to the crown or to the king of Hanover. Sheen Lodge became vacant before the rights of the crown to the larger house were settled, and Professor Owen told Prince Albert, as he then was called, that, if allowed to choose, he would greatly prefer the Lodge in Richmond Park. The arrangement was soon made, with the approval of the queen, who had always had warm personal regard for the professor.

In this charming retreat Professor Owen found a congenial and comfortable home. Gradually the grounds were planted with all manner of trees, till it became quite a modern *Arboretum*. He was also a great grower of roses. On the green lawn of the Lodge, overlooking Richmond Park, he re-

ceived many a distinguished visitor, and enjoyed the company of his friends. Humble tenants shared the protection and kindness of the good master. His presence in the garden, when without strangers, was the signal for flocks of birds to greet him, settling on his head and shoulders; and he well knew the tastes and habits of these unimprisoned pets and pensioners. He was as observant as Gilbert White of Selborne, or his friend and neighbor Mr. Jesse. Indoors he was almost always busy. His one favorite recreation was music, in which he had the finest taste. His own instrument was the violoncello, which it was a treat to see the philosopher handle.

Throughout his last long illness, many incidents were from time to time recorded, showing the honor in which he was regarded, and the affection borne to him. With the most distinguished of his neighbors at Richmond and Kew he had always been on terms of intimacy, and the Princess Mary of Teck, with her family, were unwearied in their attentions. It was this that led the Prince of Wales, near the end, through them to seek to have a last interview. This gracious and considerate action was also manifest in the message which was sent from Marlborough House, also through the Princess Mary, to convey the prince's regret and sympathy after death. The message was thus worded:—

Will you kindly express, in my name, my deepest sympathy with Sir Richard Owen's daughter-in-law at the loss of her distinguished father—such an old and valued friend of mine. ALBERT EDWARD.

The telegraphic message sent by the queen was equally prompt and warmly expressed. She knew how deep was the prince consort's affection for Sir Richard Owen, and she had often been herself present when in olden days the professor came to give instruction to her children in natural history. Owen used to tell of his first visit to the palace for this purpose. When Prince Albert and the boys, with others in attendance, were in the room, he noticed that the door was left open, and

he afterwards learned that the young queen was sitting to listen to the exposition, while the prince was pointing with the rod to the diagrams on the blackboard. She knew the learned lecturer better before long, and it was by royal invitation that Owen accompanied the Prince and Princess of Wales on their Nile voyage and first visit to Egypt.

Having not long ago, in 1883, at the time of his retiring from official life, given in the *Leisure Hour* a memoir of Professor Owen, with a pretty full notice of his chief works, accompanied by a portrait kindly sent by himself, it is not our purpose here to enter into details. Our desire is only to lay a wreath on the tomb of one so loved and honored. The scientific journals have given copious descriptions of his various books and writings, the mere catalogue of which would fill pages of our magazine. A list of them, with dates and all particulars, will no doubt form an appendix in the official life, which is announced to be undertaken by Sir Richard's grandson, the Rev. R. S. Owen.

"His contributions to literary and scientific periodicals alone," says Miss Agnes Crane in her interesting memoir in the *Leisure Hour* in 1883, "number nearly four hundred. Many of these are important memoirs embodying new facts and valuable discoveries. They are to be found in the 'Philosophical Transactions' (of the Royal Society), in the journals and magazines of the Linnæan, the Zoological, the Geological, and other societies, in the reports of the British Association; and in numerous other publications."

One of the earliest memoirs was on the "Nautilus," published by the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons, when Owen was only twenty-seven years of age. His collaborateur in this work was Dr. George Bennett of Sydney, who was fortunate enough to procure a specimen during a cruise in the Polynesian seas. George Bennett must now be of extreme age, having been one of the earliest settlers in New South Wales, and his "Zoological Re-

searches" were begun at the same date as those of Richard Owen. At intervals he has paid visits to the old country, and we welcomed him in our office only a few years since. He was one of Owen's oldest friends.

Born on July 20, 1804, Richard Owen in early life entered the navy; but when peace came, in 1814, the hopes of advancement for the youthful midshipman were clouded. He returned to school, and in due time studied medicine under a surgeon at Lancaster, his native town. Thence he went to Edinburgh, where he studied for two years; and going to London he was a pupil of the famous Dr. Abernethy, who quickly recognized the genius and noted the industry of the young anatomist. After spending some time at Paris, studying comparative anatomy under Cuvier, then at the zenith of his fame, he returned to London, and was recommended by Abernethy to assist Mr. William Clift, F.R.S., then engaged in sorting and cataloguing the collections of John Hunter, which had been purchased by government and transferred to the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. In 1853 he married Miss Clift, the daughter of his predecessor as conservator of the Museum, and she shared for many a year the delights of the lovely home which he soon after received by royal kindness in Richmond Park. The use of this house, Sheen Lodge, is, we understand, continued to Sir Richard's daughter-in-law during her life.

During all the period of his duties as conservator of the Museum, and subsequently when appointed Hunterian professor at the College of Surgeons, Fullerian lecturer at the Royal Institution, professor of paleontology at the Royal School of Mines, and finally superintendent of the natural history collections in the British Museum, an office expressly created for him by the urgent wish of Prince Albert, and his influence with the trustees, scarcely a year passed without the appearance of original works on a great variety of subjects.

Some of these were more than mere

scientific treatises, but were of national importance. He was one of the Commission on the Health of Towns, and a second Commission on the Health of the Metropolis. Many results followed the reports of these commissions, as well as that on the meat supply of London, which led to the removal of old Smithfield Market, and the new centres of supply, with other public and sanitary movements. He worked in this cause along with the late Sir Edwin Chadwick, and Sir Lyon (now Lord) Playfair. He was one of the commissioners for the Great Exhibition of 1851. But his greatest public service most would consider to be the establishment of the Natural History Museum at Cromwell Road, South Kensington.

In 1881 Professor Owen attended the jubilee meeting of the British Association at York. He had been president of the association at the Leeds meeting in 1858. The only survivors of the illustrious presidents of the first twenty-five meetings, at the York jubilee, were Airy, at Ipswich in 1851, and the Duke of Argyll, at Glasgow in 1855. Almost all the early members had passed away, and it was pleasant to see Owen at York, one of the last veterans of the "Old Guard." We saw him during the days of the meeting, and on the Sunday, in the grand cathedral, he was among the crowded audience who listened to the admirable sermon preached by Dr. Fraser, the Bishop of Manchester.

In the business of the meeting he presided over Section D (zoology), selecting as the topic of his opening address, "The Genesis of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington," a subject which has occupied his attention for a quarter of a century, with very beneficial results to the nation and to science.

The transference of the national biological collections from Great Russell Street to South Kensington was one of the chief public services of his life. It was a long and arduous task to accomplish this, which now seems so natural and necessary a movement. The re-

moval of these collections from the over-crowded galleries of the old British Museum had been often urged by the trustees, and resisted by the government on economical grounds. After many adverse votes, year after year, Sir Richard Owen at length succeeded in getting the assent of the House of Commons to the purchase of the land, and the erection of the Museum, at South Kensington. He had been appointed superintendent of the natural history department in the old Museum as long ago as 1856. Not till 1871 was the first grant towards the building of the new Museum voted by Parliament. Owen lived to see the completion of the new house, and he soon after retired, and resigned his appointment in 1883.

In his last official year, while occupying the position of superintendent of natural history in the old Museum, he was indefatigable in every variety of useful service. Men of science of all classes sought his aid and his counsel, and many a traveller was urged by him to send objects of interest, and taught how to collect and preserve them. He gave lectures to scientific students, and on Saturday afternoons to working men. We can see him, big bone in hand, his tall frame and broad shoulders dominating the crowd, and his kindly face beaming with intellect, as he sketched the structure and habits of the extinct animal of which it once formed a part, and carrying the eager and interested circle of listeners with him as he told the story of the earth's inhabitants before man lived on its surface. He was by nature a *raconteur*, and he knew how to bring his marvellous store of scientific experience to the level of a popular audience.

He delighted in arranging and displaying the treasures of biological science for which he had at length obtained a new and worthy home. Once when he had shown a party of distinguished visitors through the Museum, introducing them to the different galleries, and pointing out their contents and intended purposes, an American lady exclaimed, "Why, it is just like a cathedral," thus characteristically ex-

pressing her delight and sense of wonder. "Madam," the professor replied, speaking with reverence and emotion, "it is a temple where everything speaks of the glory of the Lord."

He had proclaimed the same sentiments forty years ago, in a popular lecture delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association, at Exeter Hall, giving a lucid exposition of some natural history facts, yet also animated throughout by the reverent spirit of the religious philosopher. An anecdote was told in the *Times* by a clergyman who said he had met the professor at dinner thirty years before, and was impressed with the kind trouble taken by the learned man to give information, and to reply to inquiries made by him, then only a young curate, on the scientific question in which he was interested. On rising to leave the table, he added as a last remark, "But after all, what is the greatest of these discoveries compared with the simplest truth which you are teaching your poor people from day to day?" It was the thought and word of a true Christian philosopher.

In Richard Owen there passed away one of the line of the truly great men of science who have maintained the harmony of the works of nature and the words of revelation. Sir Isaac Newton was the leader of this band, wisest interpreter of God's works, and reverent student of God's word. Herschel and Dalton, Brewster and Faraday, Sedgwick and Forbes, were among the many who kept up the "philosophical succession," in days before the "eclipse of faith," in our age of agnosticism, unbelief, and materialism. Nevertheless, to see and to adore God in nature is still the position of the highest men in science. Owen, the pupil of Cuvier, held the same views, and never stooped to depreciate the "argument from design" as taught by Paley, and by the authors of the Bridgewater Treatises, such as Whewell, Chalmers, and Sir Charles Bell. Lord Kelvin and Sir George Stokes need alone be named among the living representatives of "the old school," of which Sir Richard

Owen was a noble example. He remained to the last ever a humble, modest, and devout searcher after truth in every department, while so many were mistaking theories about material things for true wisdom and philosophy. Here is the concluding paragraph of his work on the "Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton." "In every species ends are obtained, and the interests of the animal promoted, in a way that indicates superior design, intelligence, and forethought, in which the judgment and reflection of the animal never were concerned, and which, therefore, we must ascribe to the 'Sovereign' of the universe, in whom we live and move and have our being."

So much has been said about his researches in anatomy and natural history, that we prefer to mention here papers on "The Antiquity of Egyptian Civilization," written for the *Leisure Hour*, one object of which was to correct the received opinion that the building of the Great Pyramids marked the beginning of Egyptian civilization. Professor Owen showed from their construction that evidences existed of skilled systematic quarrying operations, displaying, as Sir John Hawkshaw, the celebrated engineer, president of the British Association, said, "a degree of perfection in all the different branches of the art of construction." The limestone, of finer texture than the rude, nummulitic limestone of which the Sphinx was formed, was brought from the Arabian bank of the Nile, and conveyed skilfully to the opposite or Libyan shore. The red granite, or Syenite, was brought from Syene or Assouan, and shaped by art such as has never since been seen in Egypt, under Roman or Mohammedan rule. The highest order of scientific skill, both in engineering and architecture, are apparent. The director-general of the Ordnance Survey, Major-General Sir Henry James, in his notes on the Great Pyramid in 1869, as quoted by Owen, remarks of the passages or galleries in the interior of the Pyramid, that "their inclination, which is just the 'angle of rest,' is particularly well chosen,

when we consider that these stone-masses would have to slide down into their position. With a greater inclination it would have been difficult to guide the blocks in their descent, and with a less it would have been difficult to move them. The great masses are accurately hewn just to fill and to fit into the mouth of the passage, so as to bar unauthorized access to the royal tomb." "His must be a cold nature," says the professor, "who can view unmoved all these constructions and contrivances, majestic in their seeming simplicity."

"The beginning of that civilization," he goes on to say, "which had culminated in a creed, a ritual, a priesthood, in convictions of a future life and judgment, of the resurrection of the body, with the resulting instinct of its preservation—an instinct in which kings alone could indulge to the height of a Pyramid, these are not the signs of an incipient civilization."

In a letter to the editor of the *Leisure Hour*, dated May 10, 1876, he says:—

There are about one hundred pyramids more or less recognizably preserved—all orientated, and in the main built on the intention of resisting time and conserving the carcase within—other intention can now be logically inferred from the whole premisses. Cheops' happens to be the largest, the next to it, Cephrenes', is the best preserved. If a man were to moon about the relations of present measures to old cubits, etc., he might work out an *intention* differing from that he would sink into from the like work on Cheops' Pyramid.

The Hebrews were not a nation when Cheops reigned, any more than the Assyrians, but were wandering, fighting, and groping their way thereto, the which was taught them by the wholesome discipline they received, when made slave-hunting grounds by Thotmes and others, who captured gangs and brought them to Egypt, whence returned slaves introduced some of the light they got from their task-masters. Solomon, contemporary of Sheshouk, shows the development of the Hebrews as a Nation.

— Yours sincerely,

RD. OWEN.

The allusions are to discussions about the antiquity of Egyptian civilization,

which was far anterior to the time of the Hebrews as a nation. Whether this early knowledge of art and science, and the possession of knowledge of a higher sort—"all the knowledge of the Egyptians," such as Moses is said to have possessed—whether this was the relic of primitive truths conveyed to Egypt by those who migrated from the earlier settlements of divinely taught men; or whether it arose by a development, necessarily slow, and requiring countless ages to achieve,—these are discussions requiring larger light and more perfect exploration. Owen was ever prepared to seek truth, free from every prepossession. Accepted *interpretations* of Scripture may have to be modified, when read in the light of natural science and inquiry; but a true philosopher, as Owen was, never can lose hold of the revelations of divine truth on matters above and beyond the domain of physical research.

In a note written March 12, 1878, referring to a brief memoir of Robert Were Fox, F.R.S., which had appeared in the *Leisure Hour*, he says: "This notice of a most esteemed and very old Cornish friend, Robert Were Fox, I keep as a cherished memorial of a true Christian man." Those who knew Robert Fox of Falmouth—his noble character and beneficent deeds—will understand how Owen loved him and lamented his loss.

After the death of his wife, an aged sister came to the Lodge, and was the devoted companion and comforter of the widower. How attached they were may be seen in the following characteristic note, dated Sheen Lodge, Richmond Park, March 29, 1876.

Dear Dr. Macaulay, — Whatever shortcoming your too good appreciation of my MS. may have made me feel, was more than made up by the unexpectedness of the return I had the agreeable surprise to receive this morning.

It greatly added, collaterally, to the comfort of my old sister, who had been grumbling for two or three mornings because I didn't eat my egg. I have been a little off my feed lately, but when I opened the packet and showed her the really excellent

and truthful pictures of Egypt in the beautiful book you have so kindly sent, I said I think I can manage my egg this morning, and she was comforted.

Very truly yours,
RD. OWEN.

Sir Richard had an only son, who predeceased him; but his declining years, after this sad affliction, were comforted by the devoted care of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. William Owen, and the bright presence of his grandchildren.

We had almost forgotten to mention that Sir Richard Owen possessed nearly every honor and distinction which it was possible for a man of eminence in science to have. The Royal and the Copley medals of the Royal Society, the Wollaston medal of the Linnæan; the honorary fellowship or membership of almost every English or foreign learned society; the highest degrees of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh; Orders of Merit and Crosses of Honor from all the chief courts and nations in the civilized world. The C.B. conferred in 1872, followed by the K.C.B., most gratified his loyal and patriotic spirit.

Since this was written, the meeting at the rooms of the Royal Society, Burlington House, proposing a suitable memorial to Sir Richard Owen has taken place. H.R.H., the Prince of Wales presided, and was supported by a noble array of all the men best known in science. The speech of the prince was as admirable in statement as it was genial in spirit. Lord Kelvin, Professor Huxley, the Duke of Teck, Sir W. Flower, Mr. Selater, Lord Playfair, and all the speakers, vied in doing honor to the memory of one whom they regarded as worthy of perpetual remembrance. It is arranged that a statue is to be placed in the hall of the South Kensington Museum; and we hope that this memorial which is to adorn the Natural History Museum will, to use the concluding words of the Prince of Wales, "be worthy of a great sculptor, and of the great man that it represents."

